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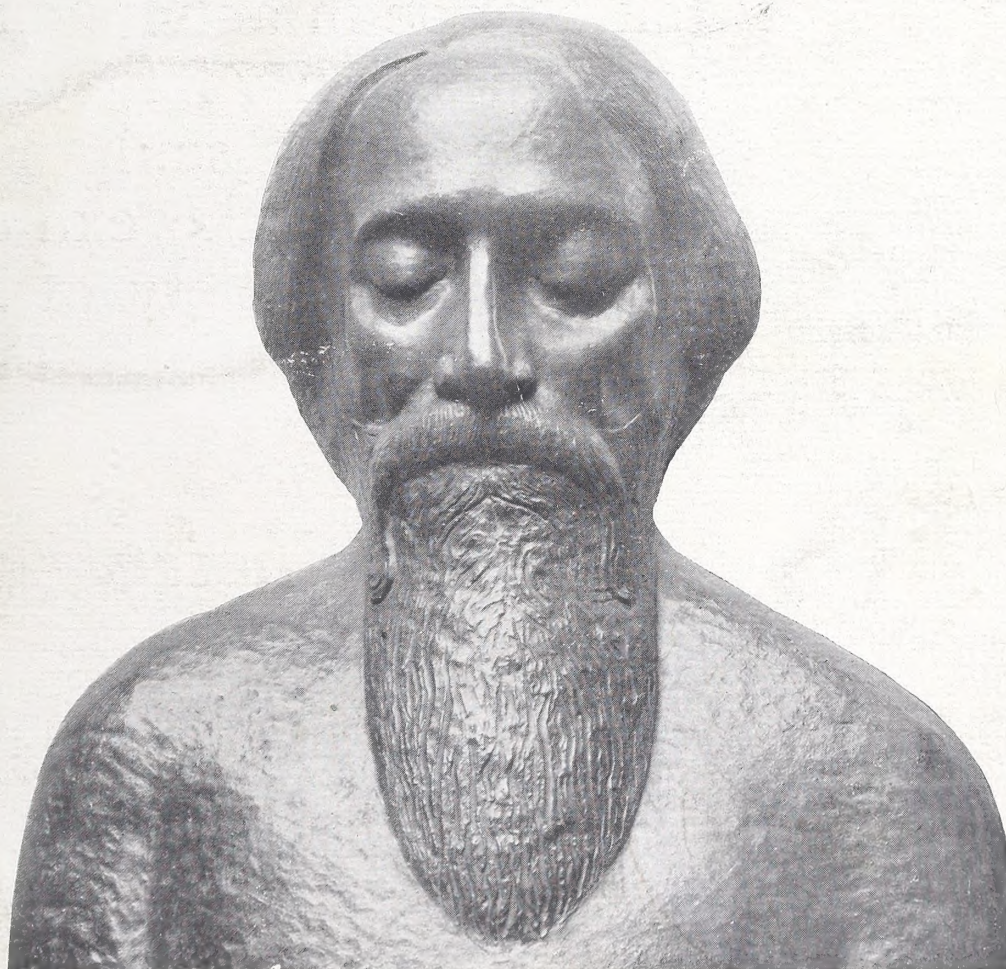
VOL. LXXIII

APRIL, 1921

No. 289

The INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

Reg. at U.S. Pat Off



RABINDRANATH
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ALFEO
FAGGI

Entered as second-class matter March 1, 1897 at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879

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EDITED BY GUY C. EGLINGTON

ENGLISH SECTION BY GEOFFREY HOLME

VOL. LXXIII.

NO. 289

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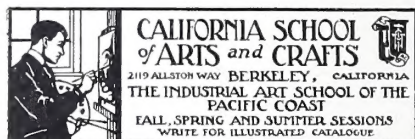
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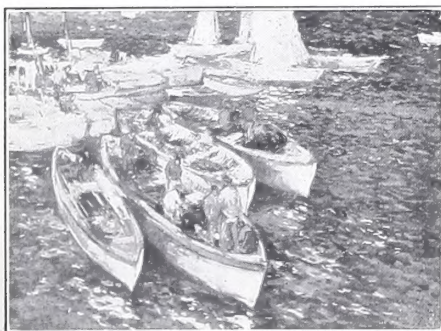
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with photographs of students' work for
editorial use in the STUDIO are due.

IN AMERICAN MUSEUMS

THE museums of America are national institutions, and are doing work of national importance. As such they deserve the support of every loyal citizen. This support may take many forms. Financial assistance is only one of the ways in which you may help, though at this time money is needed badly. Your interest helps, too. Make a point of visiting your museum regularly. You will find at every visit something you had never seen before. Most people feel strange in a museum. That is because they regard it as something outside their life, as *education* in the dull sense. That is the wrong attitude. Go to your museum for your pleasure. The strangeness will wear off with familiarity. You will feel at home in *your own house*.

In this column will be recorded, month by month, the activities of the principal museums. In this the museums are asked to co-operate by seeing that a copy of the Bulletin is sent to this office at the earliest possible date, if possible in advance of publication. Museums will assist greatly by preparing any special news items for publication, according to the form adopted below. Such copy should be in the Editor's hands by the tenth of the month preceding publication.

CHICAGO

Acquisitions.

Portrait of George Washington, by Edward Savage. Gift of Miss Catherine Colvin.

Ten Volumes of the Dürer Society, containing reproduction by modern fac-simile processes of the works of Albert Dürer and his School. Purchase.

Exhibitions.

April (Dates to be announced)—Exhibition of the Cyrus Hall McCormick collection of etchings by Millet.

April 15-May 15, inclusive—(1) First Annual International Exhibition of Water Colours. (2) Paintings by Nicholas Roerich. (3) Paintings by Will Foster. (4) Paintings by Maurice Fromkes. (5) Photographs by Chicago Camera Club.

May 21-June 12, inclusive—(1) Exhibition of contemporary Polish art. (2) Paintings, drawings and studies for decorations by Frederic Clay Bartlett.

June 17-July 15, inclusive—(1) Annual exhibition of students in Art Institute School. (2) Twenty-eighth Annual Exhibition by the Art Students' League of Chicago.

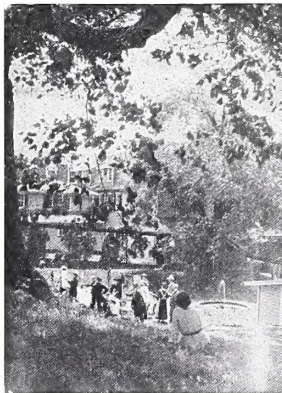


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April in the Galleries New York City

THE "International Studio" wishes in this column to give publicity to Art Exhibitions all over the United States. This is only possible if announcements are received in this office on the tenth of the month preceding publication. Galleries are invited in their own interest to co-operate.

ARLINGTON GALLERIES,
274 Madison Avenue.
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BABCOCK GALLERIES,
19 East 49th Street.
March 29th to April 9th—*Wharton H. Esherick.*
April 11th to April 23rd—*C. B. Chambers.*
April 25th to May 7th—*Wells and Helen A. Sawyer.*

DUDENSING GALLERIES,
45 West 44th Street.
Paintings by Victor Charreton.

DURAND-RUEL,
12 East 57th Street.
Paintings by Mrs. Ellen Emmet Rand.

EHRICH GALLERIES,
707 Fifth Avenue.
April 6th-16th—*Portraits by Maxwell Armfield.*
Exhibition of Old Masters.

FERARGIL GALLERIES,
607 Fifth Avenue.
April 2nd-15th—*R. Sloan Bredin.*
April 15th-May 1st—*Wm. L. Carrigan.*

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Drawings of Birds by Louis Agassiz Fuertes.

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Etchings by Alphonse Legros.

KINGORE GALLERY,
668 Fifth Avenue.
April 1st-16th—*Hya Repin.*
April 18th-30th—*George Biddle.*

KNOEDLER GALLERIES,
556 Fifth Avenue.
April 4th-16th—*Recent Portraits by Philip A. de Laszlo.*

KRAUSCHAAR GALLERY
680 Fifth Avenue.
To April 5th—*Gifford Beal.*
April 21st-May 7th—*John Sloan.*

LEVY GALLERIES,
559 Fifth Avenue.
April 11th-25th—*Percival Rosseau "Dogs."*

MACBETH GALLERIES,
450 Fifth Avenue.
March 22d-April 11th—*Portraits by Jonas Lie.*
Portraits and Landscapes by Gladys Thayer
Portraits by F. C. Frieske and A. L. Groll.
April 12th-May 7th—*Loan Exhibition of Paintings by J. Francis Murphy.*

MILCH GALLERIES,
108 West 57th Street.
April 11th-30th—*Landscapes by Willard L. Metcalf.*

MONTROSS GALLERY,
550 Fifth Avenue.
Pictures by Bryson Burroughs.

SCHWARTZ GALLERIES,
14 East 46th Street.
March 21st-April 9th—*Pastels by Hamilton King.*

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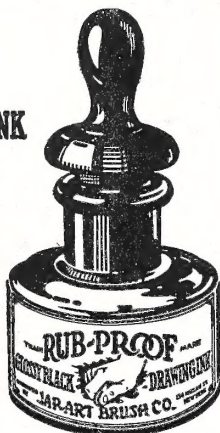
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(Continued from page 3)

CHICAGO—Continued.

Lectures.

The Scammon Lectures—Dynamic

Symmetry in Design

April 5, 4 P. M.—"The nature of design." Jay Hambidge.

April 7, 4 P. M.—"Natural symmetry and formalized art." Jay Hambidge.

April 12, 4 P. M.—"Surveying in its relation to design." Jay Hambidge.

April 14, 4 P. M.—"Craftsmanship, proportion and symmetry." Jay Hambidge.

April 19, 4 P. M.—"Symmetry in architecture, sculpture and painting." Jay Hambidge.

April 21, 4 P. M.—"Symmetry in modern design." Jay Hambidge.

Sunday Concerts.

Concerts are given in Fullerton Hall every Sunday afternoon, until April 24, 1921, at 3 and 4:15 o'clock.

George Dasch, conductor. Admission 10 cents.

Chamber music is given by the Philharmonic String Quartette on Sunday evenings March 13, March 27, and April 10, at 8 o'clock. Admission 25 cents.

CLEVELAND

Acquisitions.

Paintings: 1 Sargent, 1 John Shibert, 1 René Ménard.

Etchings by Robert Blum (12), O. H. Peels, D. Y. Cameron, M. A. Bauer (3), Philip Little, D. C. Sturges (6).

Seventy-nine lithographs by H. Fantin Latour.

Lace, 430 pieces from Ida Schiff collection.

Exhibitions.

March 29-April 20—Drawings and sketches by Maurice Boutet de Monvel.

April 2-21—Paintings by Gaston La Touche.

March 30-April 21—Early Italian Engravings.

MINNEAPOLIS

Acquisitions.

Three Young Girls. By H. Beerè.

Governor Palmer of Vermont. By Samuel F. B. Morse.

Landscape. Müller.

Autumn Landscape (early work). By Homer D. Martin.

Landscape. Asher Brown Durand.

Two colour prints by S. Arlent Edwards.

One etching. Lepère.

One etching. Legros.

City of Venice Adoring the Virgin and Child. Paolo Veronese.

Portrait of Comte de Villain Quatorze. Daniel Mytens.

Scene on the Meuse, near Dordrecht. Van Goyen.

The Upper Ipswich River. Philip Little.
The Riding Master. Carrol Beckwith.
 Fifteenth Century Marble Fountain, Italian.
 Fifteenth Century German Wood Life-sized Figure of St. Catherine.
 Fifteenth Century English Wood Figure of a Bishop.
 Seventeenth Century English Wood Figure of St. Anselm.
 Bronze Medal by Spicer-Simson.
 Sixteenth and Seventeenth Century Italian and French Furniture.

Lectures.

April 5th—Industrial Japan, Art and Industry in the Far East. By J. Paul Goode.
 Course in Art History (contin.) by Rossiter Howard.

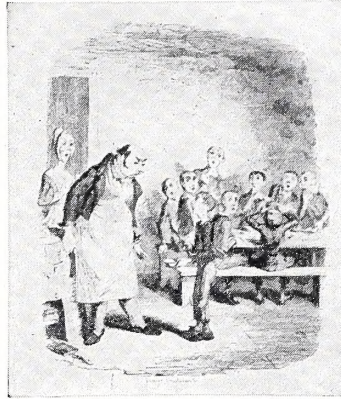
NEW YORK (METROPOLITAN MUSEUM)

Acquisitions.

Paintings:
A Triumph. By Francesco di Giorgio, Siennese, 1439-1502.
Imperial Eagle. By T'Sui Pei, Chinese, Sung Dym.
Madonna and Child, Nativity, Annunciation. By a follower of Duccio.
Musidora. By Thomas Sully, 1783-1872.
Water Colour. By John Marin.
Walking Woman. By Aristide Mailol.
Portrait of Lafayette. By Rembrandt Peale.
Landscape. By Jan Siberechts
 Stained Glass:
 Panel. By John La Farge.
 Two panels. Flemish Sixteenth Century.
 Sculpture:
 Bust of St. Catherine (stucco). Siennese Fifteenth Century.
 Three capitals. French Twelfth Century.

Lectures.

April 4.—European Costume. Ethel Traphagen.
 April 6.—A Song of David. Alice T. Coseo.
 April 10.—Peasant Costume. Ruth Wilmot.
 April 11.—Roman Roads. Melita Knowles.
 April 16.—Perugino. Jane B. Walker.
 April 18.—How the Great Masters Have Expressed Action. Alice T. Coseo.
 April 20.—Animals in Sculpture. Alice T. Coseo.
 April 24.—Our Costumes. Anne Ritzenhouse.
 April 25.—Life in the Middle Ages. Alice T. Coseo.



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"A WATER WHEEL, SALLI."
FROM THE WATER-COLOUR
BY ROBERT BURNS.

The INTERNATIONAL • STUDIO •

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VOL. LXXIII, NO. 289

APRIL, 1921

Quo Vadis?

THE Exhibition of "Our Choice from the Independents" which opens in May at the Anderson Galleries under the auspices of the INTERNATIONAL STUDIO is an event of some importance.

The need for such a selection has long been apparent, where large exhibitions are concerned. Even given fair minded jury, and a Hanging Committee of superlative taste, the effect upon the wider public of several hundreds of pictures is merely bewildering. The average person goes to exhibitions of this kind from a sense of duty and to acquire a fund of small talk. He takes away with him a catalogue and a headache. In the case of the Independents, thousands of catalogues must have been sold and several times that number of headaches. We ourselves bought three. Over one thousand pictures were plastered over a wall-space adequate for at the most two hundred. They were hung alphabetically, which means worse than the worst Hanging Committee. No jury passed on them. At a conservative estimate then, nine out of every ten were valueless. What chance did the innocent and guileless public stand of finding the tenth? Obviously, none whatever. Or of seeing that tenth if pointed out to them? Again none. The thousands who visited the exhibition could readily be divided into two classes, those who hold "The Faith" and those who do not. The former class swallowed the exhibition in its totality as an expression of "Mod-

ernism," much as a child swallows castor-oil. The latter rejected it for the same reason as a piece of wanton impertinence. Of course the truth is that both were acting on an entirely false hypothesis. The Society of Independent Artists is not a "modern" organization. At least fifty per cent. of its members are as conventional as Mrs. Grundy. It is simply an organization for exhibiting the work of its members, irrespective of creed, nationality, technical or artistic merit. The true spirit of the public in viewing its exhibitions should be therefore the spirit of Abraham as he searched the streets of Sodom and Gomorrah for "ten just men."

The purpose of the promoters of this selection has been to prove to the world that work of value is done outside of the Academy door, and to show that work where it may be seen and appraised at its full value.

The selection has been prompted by a desire to find the essential tendencies in the work of the present towards the work of the future.

The exhibition is held at the Anderson Galleries to whose president, Mr. Mitchell Kennerly, an expression of appreciation is due for his ever-keen support of the vital in art.

As a whole the exhibition speaks for itself, but the work in water-colour of Mary Rogers deserves a very special word. We are too prone to value an artist's work only after his or her decease. Mary Roger's early death is truly a loss to American Art.

Quo Vadis?



Courtesy Ferargil Gallery
CANAL LANE

JOHN FOLINSBEE

I have been twice to see John Folinsbee's exhibition at the Ferargil Galleries and I am intrigued. The man interests me. Not that the pictures shown are in any way great. They are not even different, so far as subject-matter and technique go. Barges at twilight, canal locks, factories seen across the water, trains in a shunting yard.

As we entered the gallery the second time my friend said: "That is not an American landscape." I looked. It certainly was not. Nor was it Europe. We looked more closely. The difference lay in the lighting. There are certain half-lights that are not obtained in America.

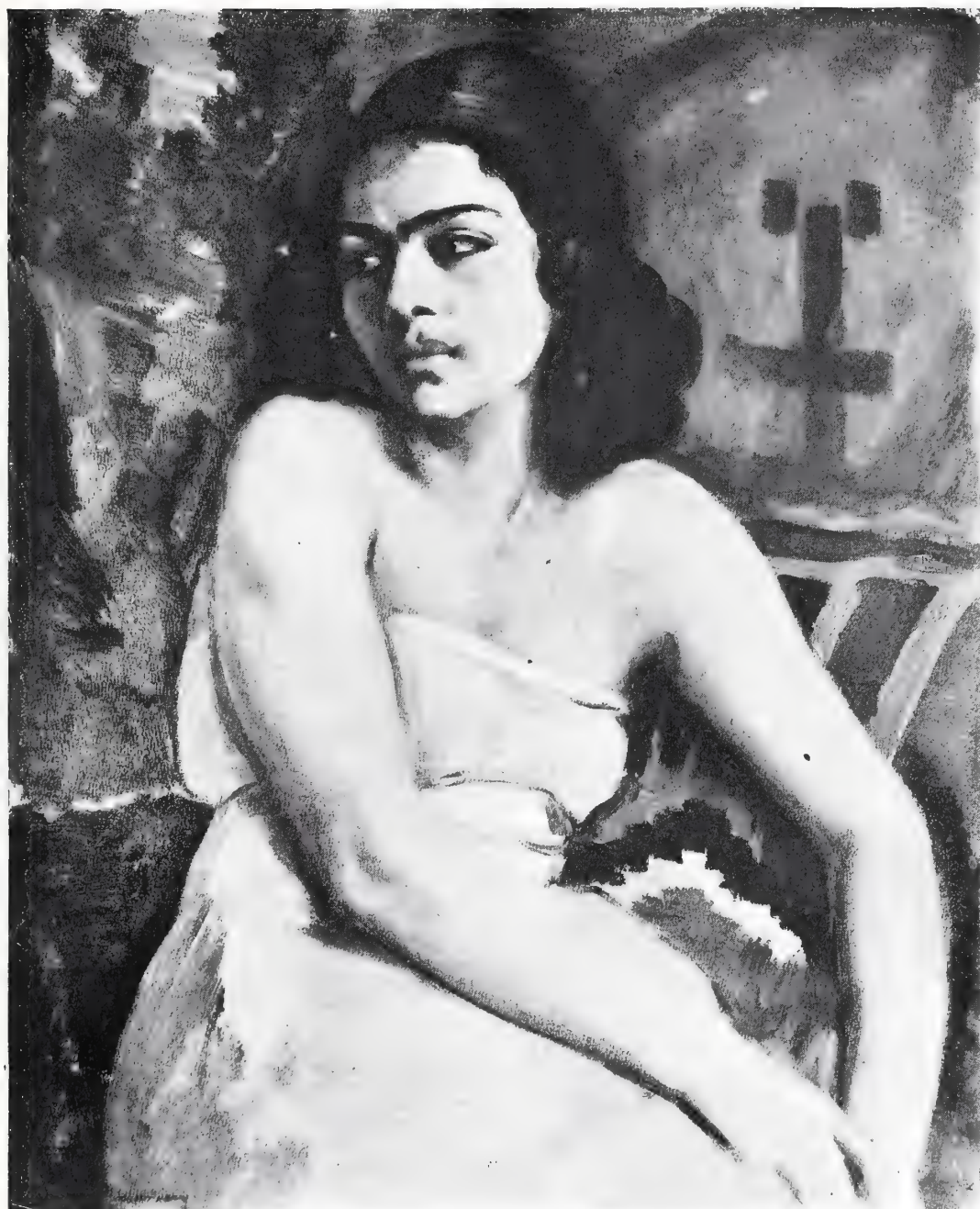
And so, puzzled, we asked for information, and as we asked I remembered having heard something about Folinsbee's history. John Folinsbee is a young man, whom fate has dowered with the will to paint, and yet holds him a prisoner in his own studio. And as is

the way with prisoners he paints, not what he sees, but what he would like to see, what perhaps he has seen and strives to remember.

I am intrigued. What will come of it? Will he degenerate into a mere copyist? There is a hint of the photograph in some of his work. Or will he, released from the burden of actuality, paint with the inner vision?

Of Robert Henri's work at the Milch Galleries one can only report "All Clear." Robert Henri is one of the cleverest painters in America, and one of the most disappointing. I never saw a really bad picture of his, and never a really fine one. Probably his children are his most successful studies, but here too there is a uniformity. "Isn't that cute?" said a young girl behind me. And it was. They all are. But children are more than just "cute," as Henri must know. They are potentiality. Fun, solemnity (no one can

Quo Vadis ?



Courtesy Milch Gallery

HAWAII AND NAVAJO

ROBERT HENRI

be as solemn as a child), deviltry, sheer wickedness. The whole gamut of human life is covered in the nursery. One of these days I will give a children's tea-party, and Robert Henri shall be the chief guest.

Henri's women are in a different predicament.

Henri never seems to get round his subject, much less inside. His portraits have vigour, but the vigour remains the vigour of the painter, it is never transmitted to the sitter. *Hawaii and Navajo* shows both his faults and his virtues.



PIETÀ

ALFEO FAGGI

Alfeo Faggi--Sculptor

ALFEO FAGGI—SCULPTOR
BY GUY C. EGLINGTON

The work of Alfeo Faggi fills me with humility. I feel like one who is making his affidavit, conscious that every word he speaks may be brought up in evidence against him. Yet I comfort myself. Whatever I may say, the work of Alfeo Faggi will stand, when time has covered my words with her veil of oblivion.

Astonishing things happen in this twentieth century of ours. I walk down Fifth Avenue, through gallery upon gallery of pictures whose only merit is in their newness; past a cathedral that is at once a mimic and a mockery of all that Gothic means; through a doorway and hall that tell of nothing but of the dollars that were spent upon their embellishment; into an elevator that is ashamed of its presence and yet has least cause for shame; up five stories; and then, after all this sham, find myself a worshipper in a thirteenth century cathedral.

For that is what the sculptures of Alfeo Faggi have made of the three small rooms which constitute Mr. Bourgeois' galleries.

I call the cathedral thirteenth century, for those who speak with authority on these matters tell me that the sculpture of Alfeo Faggi is in the tradition of Niccolo Pisano. It may be. The spirit of devotion, which is the spirit of art, is of no time and no place. It enters into the heart of man and dwells there. So that man cries out for the pain and the joy that it brings. And of that crying out art is born.

Not that tradition is of no account. In the case of Faggi it is all important. But it is not a mode. It is not technique. It cannot be learnt by diligent study of great masters. It is not a robe that can be donned by whomsoever will, like the gown of a schoolmaster. It is born in the bones. It is inherited memory. A hundred buildings in New York prove that to take the shell of an old form is to court certain disaster. Art is of the spirit. Every great work of art is built from within. The eye of the artist seizes the essential form and builds outwards. Given the structure of

the bones, the body will clothe itself with its own flesh.

So that while it is doubtless true that Faggi is of the lineage of Pisano, the matter is of no grave importance. That is his birthright as an Italian. What is of importance is how he has used his birthright.

I have said that Faggi is an Italian. He is. But his work has been achieved in Chicago. In Italy, according to his own account, Faggi was a conventional sculptor. The weight of tradition bowed him down. Few men can write a poem beneath a waterfall, or paint amid the glories of the Rockies. So it was that Faggi came to leave Italy eight years ago. Here he is free, free from the Ghosts of the Great Dead who haunt Italian cities. Their work he sees as it were in perspective. Their spirit, that was born in him, still works within him. But he is freed from their eyes looking over his shoulder as he works, and at last he creates.

That is how Faggi explains his development, and to us who have gotten out of the way of crediting America with any magical qualities, it brings a message of hope. Is there, after all, a spirit of freedom here that Europe lacks? In other words, is America's contribution to the work of Faggi a positive one, or is it merely negative? And what place has America for the art of an Italian Primitive?

Up at the Metropolitan Museum the other day I sat long before the cast of the Michelangelo *Pietà*, which is being shown together with the other Michelangelo casts in the Room of Special Exhibitions (see page lxviii). [It is an astounding exhibition. For the first time I realized what could be done with casts, given light, air and intelligent grouping. I recommend the idea to other less wealthy museums.] And sitting before the *Pietà* the thought struck me that I might compare it with the photograph of the Faggi *Pietà* which I had by me. I took it from its envelope and looked.

How different. The Michelangelo supple, balanced and nobly human, a consummate expression of the love and pity with which centuries of Christianity have endowed Our Lady of Sorrows. The Faggi more formal and

Alfeo Faggi--Sculptor



MOTHER AND CHILD

ALFEO FAGGI

restrained, austere to the point of repression, yet moving to the point of tears. Michelangelo achieving nobility through his glorification of the human form, the very embodiment of the Renaissance ideal of beauty-worship that found its highest expression in him. Faggi, looking deeper into the mystery of life, concerned with the things that lie hidden; not neglecting indeed the outward form, for through form is all beauty expressed, but creating from within forms that shall call

attention not to their own intrinsic loveliness, but beyond to the spirit that gave them life. Classic and Primitive, Renaissance and Mediæval, Michelangelo and Pisano, Form and Spirit, the eternal choice. All art demands sacrifice, it seems. Beauty itself obscuring beauty. This the answer to those whom the Christ Head hurts.

And on my way back I thought of that other great work in sculpture that was shown just a year ago in London, the *Christ of Jacob*



NINO

ALFEO FAGGI

Alfeo Faggi--Sculptor

Epstein. In England Epstein, in America Faggi. The contrast. Epstein's Christ, man of men, bursting from the tomb by his indomitable will. His body emaciated with suffering. His brow drawn tight, and hard lip. The eyes alone of all, to tell that he is God. It is not love that Epstein's *Christ* demands, but surrender. "His state is kingly." At the other extreme the *Pietà* holding "the great sacrifice enveloped by her body, bowed but unsaddened by earthly bereavement." The great sacrifice and the great conqueror. These two statues symbolize the whole life of Christ.

And for the other works. They stand on their own feet, having no need of interpretation. The monumental *Mother and Child*, the exquisitely sensitive *Saint Francis*, the praying *Child*, and marvellously vigorous *Nino*, the *Tagore* and other portraits, and last but not least the *Beatrice*, as Dante saw her passing through the streets of Florence on her way to immortality. The greatness of these works lies in the fact that they were conceived



SAINT FRANCIS

ALFEO FAGGI



CHILD PRAYING

ALFEO FAGGI

from within. The spirit has taken its own inevitable form.

Inevitable form. Clive Bell writes of significant form. I prefer to think of it as inevitable, growing out of the inner need. For form cannot be imposed from without. One cannot paint as Cézanne. To each his own vision. And Faggi is still an experimenter. An experimenter in the only true sense. An Experimenter of the Spirit. And like all travellers he returns at intervals. Finds the need of stating first principles. So we have the Nogugi head, and if before we had doubted, and it is well to doubt in the interest of faith, this portrait will convince us that the house of Faggi is truly builded on the rock.



BALLET

MARY ROGERS

The Womb and the Cemetery



STILL LIFE

FLORENCE CANE

THE WOMB AND THE CEMETERY. BY JAMES N. ROSENBERG.

I.

"Satan was like a man of sixty, or it might be sixty-two, in all things save that he was covered with gray fur, and had horns like those of a stag. He wore a breech-clout of very dark gray, and he sat in a chair of black marble on a dais . . . And his eyes were like light shining upon little pools of ink, for they had no whites to them."

This is James Branch Cabell's description of the devil in that proscribed and therefore doubly delightful book, "Jurgen." It might have been a description of me as I see myself in the rôle of critic.

It is an uncomfortable rôle. Believe it or not, I prefer to be roasted rather than to do the roasting. And I don't like that cold seat of authority, the black marble chair.

But I take comfort in what Eglington said to me the day before yesterday.

He was dining with me (it is thus I bribe my Editor).

"What did they say about my December article in the Studio?" I asked him.

"They?" he queried, balancing a bit of mallard duck upon his fork.

"The artists."

"They said you don't know a damn thing about art."

II.

My job is to criticize fifteen hundred pictures. I am to do it in about three thou-

The Womb and the Cemetery

sand words. Either it's two words to each picture or I've got to do the thing wholesale, and as I'm about to commit wholesale murder, I invite my victims—and the Editor of the Studio gives me permission to issue this invitation—to murder me in return, provided they do it entertainingly. If you artists disagree with me, say so to the Studio. I issue a challenge, a *défi*. Life thrives on controversy. A league of nations is only a convenient arrangement for provoking battle. And art is a part of life. A very big part it ought to be. So art will prosper by conflict.

III.

In her old age, a noble woman whom once I knew became demented. "I am dead," she wailed. "Dead. Dead. For years I have been dead."

The pitiful picture of this wretched creature who died in a mad-house kept recurring to me as I walked through the cemetery which is otherwise known as the Academy Show.

Why?

The funeral wreaths around one of J. Francis Murphy's pictures started my mind a-going along such channels.

The pictures did the rest.

First I examined them separately.

I believe I looked at every picture.

Then I strolled through the galleries, trying to gain a totality of impressions from the whole show—trying to see it in its entirety.

Here and there a picture escaped from the grave. Moffett, Hawthorne, Levy, Kendall, Meyers, Blumenschein, Genth—to name a few—were imbued with life and personality. Rosen, experimenting, struck me—not that I cared for his performance, but for his intention. If he isn't careful, they'll expel him. Van Boskerck shutting his eyes and painting every leaf on every tree with invincible fidelity to the unimportant, gained my respect. Others, here and there, slipped away from the machine-shop.

Yet, all in all, the thing to me wore the aspect of death.

IV.

When Monet and his contemporaries be-

gan to paint the world in purpled violets, rose and ultramarine, when they made trees and hillsides and fields and houses and water shimmer like an opal, Paris jeered at them.

Why? Because Paris had never seen such colours in nature. People don't see things like that. Their eyes are adjusted to the necessities of life. People see motor-cars approaching when they cross a street. But they see nothing of the fading mauve of distant sky-scrapers. It was because of this truth—and it is a truth—that the people jeered at Monet. The reason that those who came to scoff learned at last to pray, is that Monet finally opened people's eyes. People get their preconceptions of landscape, not from nature, but from pictures. Fifty years ago, people saw landscape mainly in the terms, say, of Ruysdael and Hobbema, somewhat perhaps through the eyes of Corot and Courbet. So it was that it took fifty years and pictures of a half century to spread before the picture-loving public the splendour of colour in nature. Nature herself never pointed out these splendours. She is a detached old woman except in her obvious moments of rising, making her toilette and retiring; or when she shows off with her thunder and lightning. So it remained for the artist to show nature to her children. This was the great gift Monet and his group gave the world. Monet was a realist, an humble worshipper before nature. He didn't compose or create great canvases as Rubens and Rembrandt did. He merely set down the aspects of nature as his sensitive eye caught them.

What has this to do with the Academy Show?

The Academy Show, taken by and large, is a group of paintings by skilful craftsmen—there is hardly a bad picture in the show—who have learned to look at nature somewhat as Monet did. No, that says too much for them. They have turned the vital impressionist outlook toward nature into a dead formula. That formula they have applied with extraordinary skill.

They have had nothing to say and have said it with perfect felicity.



The Womb and the Cemetery

V.

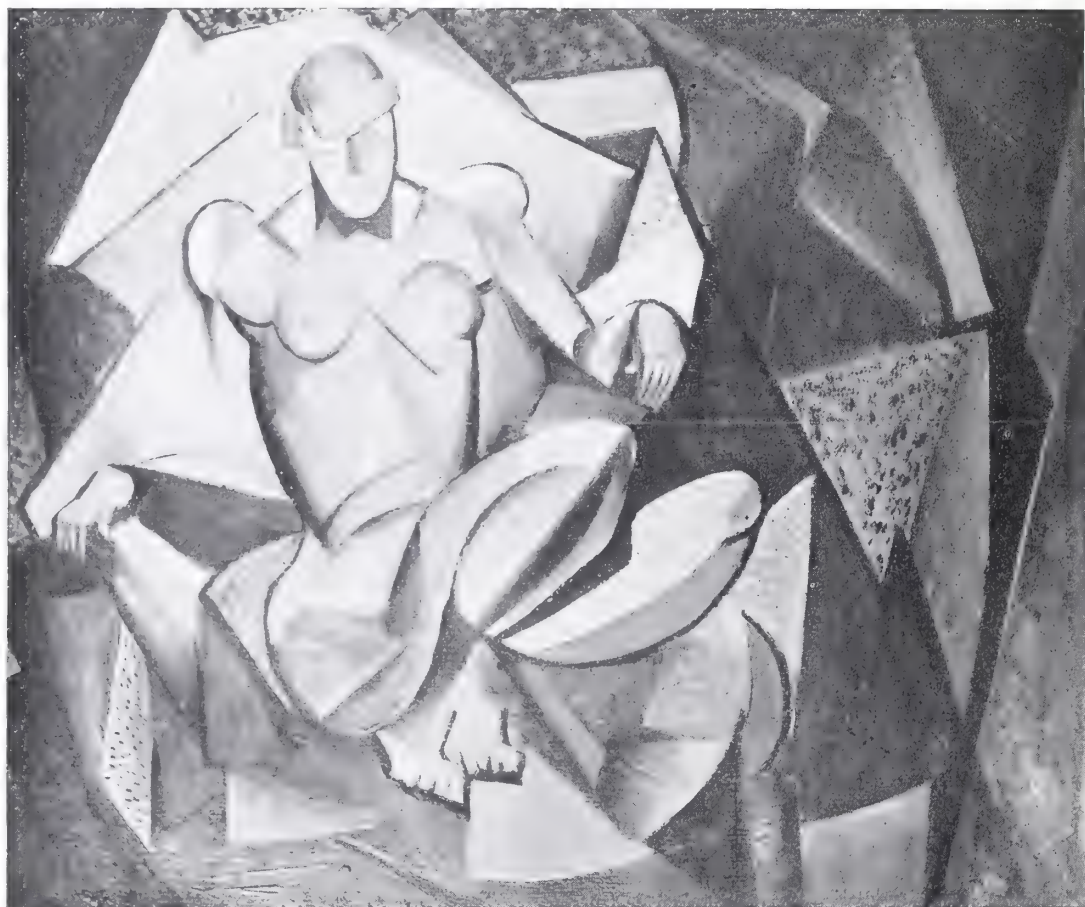
Clive Bell, in his stimulating book on art, defines art as "significant form." He insists that it is a thing quite independent of nature. So far as he deals with pictorial art as distinguished from the merely decorative, I take issue with him. A Greek vase or a Persian rug may be great Art. A cubist picture may be a delightful piece of colour and decoration. But a sharp line is to be drawn between design and decoration on the one hand, and that branch of art which is "an imitation of nature," to use the Aristotelian phrase. In both kinds of art "significant form" is an essential of greatness. In the latter we require something which evokes the aesthetic emotion through recognition.

The Academy Show deals wholly with

pictorial art, i. e., that which is an imitation of nature. But I wish the exhibitors would read Clive Bell's book and free themselves from nature. Pictorial art, while "an imitation of," is not a slavery to nature. The landscape at the Academy is such slavery. With a palette built on the impressionist tradition the Academicians are turning out fields, hillsides, woods, still life, rocks, oceans, as they have been doing for years.

Life is changed. The moment you and I stop changing we are dead. Dead, dead, like the poor old lady I spoke of. Our tastes, our desires, our outlooks, must change.

In the criticism which I ventured of the New Society show and which was published in the December number of the *Studio*, I complained because the ghosts of Monet, Manet, Cézanne and Renoir hovered over



NUDE

A. S. BAYLINSON

The Womb and the Cemetery



THE SEA

HOMER BOSS

the exhibitors' palettes. The Academy Show is a much worse thing. The plein-air movement caught the Academicians a quarter of a century ago and there they have stopped and stood still, and turned a glorious discovery into a recipe.

American art, as shown at the Academy, is static. That is why it is dead. It was about ten or twelve years ago, I think, that Gardner Symons showed a picture called "Opalescent River." It was a fine thing. I have always remembered it. I ask you, Gardner Symons, have you been static since then? Have you grown, changed, experimented? If so, your pictures don't show it. Not to me, at least.

Redfield, Curran, Carlson, Dufner, Davis, Frieseke, Bogert, Williams, Crane; look at your pictures of to-day and of ten years ago. Have you struggled and sweated as the creative artist does? Or have you developed

a formula, a stencil? Flay me. Show me I talk rot. Or admit I am right and paint as any of you can, I believe, if you but will.

It was with some such thoughts that I left the Academy, my eleven-year old girl at my side.

"How did you like them, Anne?" I asked.

"They looked a good deal alike," said she.

A good deal alike. Is it this confounded age of standardization? We are all alike in death.

VI.

We went to the Waldorf Hotel. We ascended in an elevator. It was not nearly as pleasant or decorous a place as the Academy. The pictures at the Independent Show are badly hung. This is not the fault of Baylinson, a director, an exhibitor and one of the main props of the show, for he hung most of the pictures himself, he told me. It is nobody's fault. Over a thousand pictures

The Womb and the Cemetery



THE FLESH LUSTETH
AGAINST THE SPIRIT

ALICE
MORGAN WRIGHT

are shown. And there isn't enough room adequately to show more than about three hundred.

I wonder, by the way, why the Academy chaps don't invite the Independents to use the Academy rooms. It would be a sporting thing.

One room for Academes; one for Inds. Contrast. Controversy. Rows. Quarrels. Publicity. Art might begin to interest the public.

VII.

Most of the pictures at the Independent Show are things quite independent of art. Many of them haven't even the excuse of craftsmanship.

But the show is alive. It is American art in a process of gestation. But the child, if

not yet born, is living. And what a cosmopolitan show!

Let me write down some of the names of those whose things seem to me to have the breath of life. Ault, Bacon, Baylinson, Butler, Boss, Cowdery, Cane, Dwight, Ederheimer, Frueh, Grossman, Gerstenheim, Gussow, Hart, Hartley, Hale, Knaths, Kantor (look at his things), Kuniyoshi, LaChaise (there is the real stuff), Linding, LeDuc, Maurer, Mege, Moe, Moser, Of, Organ, Pach (his portrait, not his water-colours—Pach is too deliberate and philosophical a chap for that butterfly, water-colour), Pandick, Prendergast (his wood panels put the eye out of the whole Academy), Doris Rosenthal, Rouault, Sibley, Shore, Smith, (Ismael Smith, Spaniard), Sloan, Stettheimer (remarkable), Wheelock, Weinberg, Wright (splendid), Zorach.

I have been to the Independent Show three times. If I get there again, I'll add to the catalogue. Isn't it an interesting lot of names? There is the melting pot. Ireland,

Russia, Japan, Sweden, Spain, France, contribute to the American show. And the memorial exhibit to Mary Rogers is not to be forgotten. Her early death is a loss to American art. In the twenty pictures of hers gathered in one room, we find the true spirit of the artist; the growing, changing personality; the ardent experimenter. Here Sisley caught her; there Gauguin. Here Cézanne. But always she was herself. She plucked the best from the garden of tradition, but she was inviolably herself. I never knew her. I had hardly known her work. To have seen that roomful is something to remember always.

VIII.

Of the Independent Show as a whole I would say the following: "No jury. No

The Womb and the Cemetery

prizes" is a success. While the absence of a jury permits the worthless to enter, the presence of a jury means that the arrivés, the men who represent art as an established order, are the judges. And once art is an established order, it ceases. If only one-half of one per cent. of the pictures at the Independent Show are worth while, the two exhibitions prove that there is more joy on earth over the one sinner who painteth than over the ninety and nine just men who don't.

The Independents have asked the state to put up a building for them. This is nonsense. The state would be a deadlier poison even than a jury. The present show of the Independents is to the extent of ninety per

cent. of no value or importance. The small minority are, however, the stirrings in the womb.

Thank Heaven, the thing is done. I descend from the cold, black marble chair. I lay aside the sharp horns of a stag. Dare I send this to the Editor? Why not? For when I consider how many disagreeable things I have said about the only people in the world to whom I look to make the world a joyful place, I comfort myself by assuring them that really I know nothing, have no right to the cold, unpleasant, marble seat of authority, and admit that this whole essay is nothing but a piece of preposterous impudence.



OLIVE GATHERERS

GARDNER HALE

Da Loria Norman--Illuminator

DA LORIA NORMAN—
ILLUMINATOR
BY ELIZABETH CRUMP
ENDERS

"If there is truly an inspiration of intellect—and to this belief most readers of Shakespeare will give affirmation—it is the one quality, which above all others, distinguishes the work of the illuminator of manuscripts. However fine his technique, however great his art, it falls short of its purpose if it lacks the quality of inspiration which may be defined as 'the power of the spirit of God in the artist, which permits him to set forth Divine Truth by impressions on the human mind.'" So writes George H. Sargent concerning the remarkable illuminating work of da Loria Norman.

That an American woman, born in a small Western village, should have within her soul an indomitable desire—totally unstimulated by the inspiration of study—to illuminate, with the exquisite skill of the illuminators of the Twelfth, Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries, is an anachronism difficult to account for in this present day world.

To Mrs. Norman there is but one explanation. Her work is the direct result of a deep religious feeling; the outcome of personal suffering, ardent faith and pure inspiration. She has a present day message to give in an ancient form of expression—one so ancient that we find it incomparably perfected before the Fifteenth Century, and never surpassed since.

The quality of her illumination is unques-

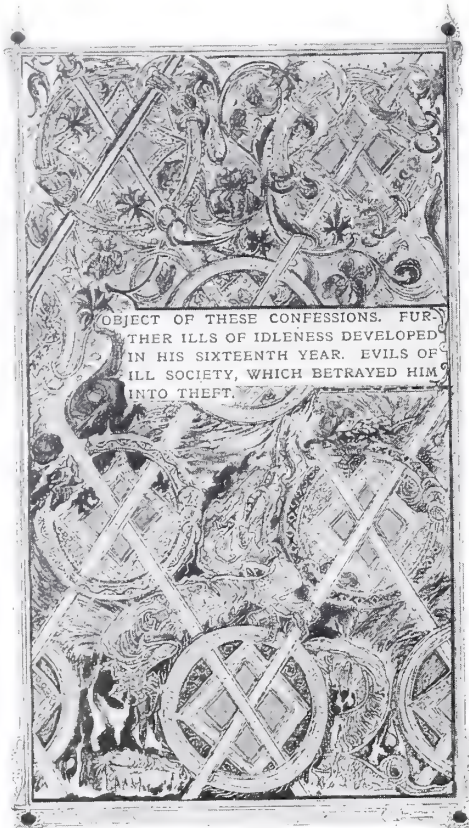
tioned, her technique truly remarkable. During the last ten years Mrs. Norman has devoted sixteen hours a day to her work. No monk in ancient monastery could have laboured with more zeal or painstaking results.

Her first undertaking was a tiny volume of her own essays, which, when completed measured but an inch and a half across and two inches in height. To the everyday reader, a magnifying glass is needed to decipher its text, although no glass was used by the artist in the making. The text, set off by wide margins, is in black letter, illuminated, and interspersed with full page decorations; and the miniature tome was bound by old Roger de Coverly.

After that followed others of more important dimensions. The Confessions of Saint Augustine, in two volumes, represented the work of some eight years. This extraordinary document was done on Arnold's handmade paper, printed by the Chiswick Press and now belongs to the private collection of Mr. William H. Clark.

Then followed a commission by the New York Public Library. The Book of Ecclesiastes and The Song of Solomon, done on vellum and richly illuminated. The order was made possible by the Spencer Bequest, and Mrs. Norman has but just completed it. She has added a title page of her own with an introduction explanatory of the symbolism used.

In needle work of equally fine nature, which has been compared to the work of the



Credit M. E. Hewitt
ILLUMINATION

DA LORIA NORMAN

Da Loria Norman--Illuminator

sisters of Little Gidding, she is making a wonderfully harmonious cover. A part of this embroidery was exhibited in the Louvre and lay hidden beneath the sand bags during the war. Of finest Japanese silks and the smallest of seed pearls, her needle has wrought a symbolic picture comprising a binding both dignified and appropriate.

In speaking of her illumination, Mrs. Norman seems essentially imbued with the feeling that it is a supreme effort to escape material environment. She says that it is a culmination of emotions and senses forced from the realm of the subconscious—and by process of the starvation of understanding.

She declares: "If my work does not impress those seeking the sincere in art, with the impression of balance, harmony, restraint, breadth, vibration and tenderness; which tally with the same human qualities, it fails in its purpose or message."

A genuine difference, both in execution and in feeling, marks this modern illumination and the old missives of Europe.

In the old repetition of the designs and their historic bases we find no conscious element of an endless, eternal purport. Neither do we find them dealing so much with cosmic forces, as portraying the superficial conditions of the life of the times and the history of their individual peoples—albeit, contained in sane and measured design.

In Mrs. Norman's illumination, however, although undoubtedly connected with the tradition of the old, there is a totally differ-

ent underlying motive. Perhaps it is the first expression of its kind.

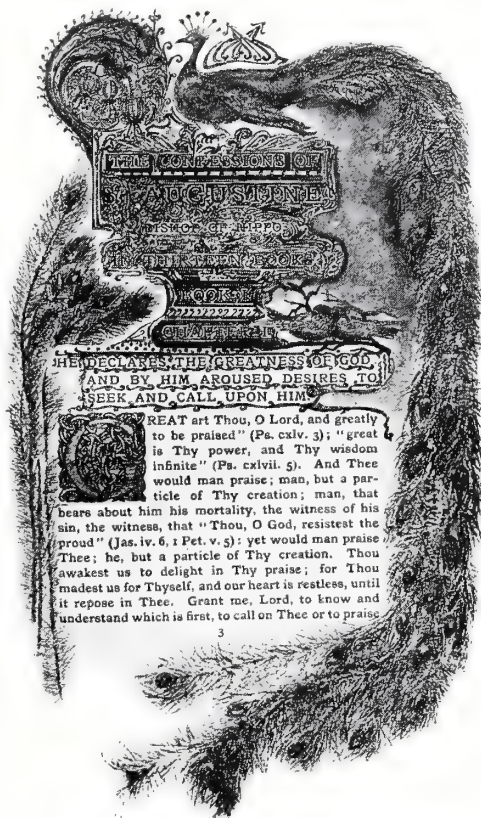
Behind her work there seems to be a force compelling a spontaneous design which hurls the great vital questions of the day into every page and border. The Why of humanity, the searching, restless seeking for the connection between the material and spiritual; and the endless flow of involuntary patterns has, to her mind, the order and harmony of a divine message striving to work through.

Even in her childhood, it was always the unusual that stood forth in her nature—with the result that her life never followed along the commonplace or expected paths.

In her early girlhood, she met with two serious accidents which made of her a complete cripple for a number of years. It was during that period of enforced restraint that she first dreamed her dreams. She even talked of her "angels," as have *visionées*.

However, these dreams did not materialize until many years later, for the years which followed childhood were given up entirely to music.

Another very strong influence which entered into her existence during this time, too, lay dormant; only to appear in later years in all its strength. While living in Belgium, she frequently visited the marvellous conservatories at Laacken and imbibed into her sensitive consciousness all the glory of the riotous colours. The lavenders and purples, particularly, burned themselves into her memory, and today we find them predominating in her church embroidery and illumination.



ILLUMINATION

DA LORIA NORMAN

The Marines of Paul Dougherty

THE MARINES OF PAUL
DOUGHERTY
BY AMEEN RIHANI.

If through the action of some unprecedented phenomenon the ocean waves should suddenly congeal, they would perhaps surprise the most experienced student of form. They might even upset the painter's most intimate conception of motion. Instead of a sea we might have a chemical laboratory or a field of stalagmites or a volcanic wilderness or anything, in fact, but "the deep blue ocean."

As it is, a wave is the most elusive thing in nature. Whether it creeps slowly, insidiously up the beach, or dashes suicidally against the rocks, or rolls on aimlessly in the vast deep, it is always, to the painter at least, a thing that was—never a thing that is. And yet, it defies the eternal; or rather in a state of eternal transition, it coquets with the creator of finite things. That is what the artist must really put up with, when he comes with his palette to the sea. That is what he must capture, moreover, and analyze and understand.

Nor can he do this solely with eye and brush. He must be a scientist in a way: he must have the scientist's habit of mind, his patience, his caution, his insight, his profound understanding. And he must have also a poet's imagination. Without this he may be able even to weigh and measure a wave, but he cannot get at the secret of its formation and drift. They will not pose, those swiftly vanishing things, not even in resuming a state of calm. The fact that they follow each other in eternal succession may serve the purpose of the camera, but not the palette. The artist must seek the individuality of type in the uniformity of group. He must have an intuition that goes beyond external forms into what may be called chemical formulas. His brush must be a diver for the secret pearls of form. Otherwise, what Carlyle said of a green field would be true of a marine canvas: one marine, all marines.

The truth is that in most of them we have but the representation of external forms; and in the best canvases there is what might

be considered as the triumph of the vocalizing process. But the inner configuration of a wave is suggested in neither the better nor the worse; it has not yet been discovered. When it is, the Japanese dragon may have to contend for artistic supremacy with the cubist monster; and freedom and grace of line may then give way to mathematical precision. Meanwhile, we must content ourselves with the appearance of the sea and its familiar vocalisms, accepting the workaday theory that all forms in a moving universe have the tendency to annihilate the angle.

Mr. Paul Dougherty accepts this theory with a reservation. For although his art is based upon the most obvious, which is often the most incomprehensible in this moving universe, there are flashes, particularly in his recent work, of a revolt against the reality that challenges our finite perceptions. For instead of finding it dead and cold in a trap—instead of cozening it with a trick of technique—he would lasso it in the open and shake the secret out of it. There is no fear, therefore, that he might be conspiring to bring about the Cubic State. On the contrary, he is engaged for the present in building a sea-wall against it—building with material from the very earth, with hands that know the significance of line and surface and depth, and with an eye for the solid and enduring rather than the unusual or fantastic.

His canvases do not surprise or alarm. They have the gesture and assurance of the familiar; they invite us to rest along the coast, and resting, we admire—and we wonder. If these waves were endowed with perception, for instance, would they recognize themselves in a canvas as one recognizes oneself in a mirror? If so, would they not, like some of us who tire of a definite outline, a circumscription more often intellectual than physical, turn in a pique from the mirror to the moon? Who, among artists and critics, can answer the question? We can analyze a chemical process independent of any extra-terrestrial influences; but can we analyze a colour process independent of sunlight or its reflections? The

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intellect, however powerful, must balk. Mr. Dougherty knows this. But he recognizes its resources and utilizes them to advantage. His impressions are sometimes the titles and sometimes the notes to his conception. And often they are but aids to the memory. He goes far for his material and his data, in which sense he is a scientist. He delves deep into the unifying principle of things, in which sense he is a philosopher. And in catching the note of harmony in both, he proves himself a kindred of the poet.

It is difficult, in speaking of a marine painter, to avoid the one towering American genius in the field; but there is no doubt that the mantle of Winslow Homer has fallen upon Paul Dougherty. Does it fit? Does it trail? Does it inspire respect? I can answer the last question in the affirmative. I can also say that Mr. Dougherty is too much of a gentleman and a sage to depend wholly upon another's property. To be sure, he has a wardrobe of his own, though it is not—let us be thankful—of the latest fashion.

His views on art are as sane and sound as his method and technique. He has not the vision of a prophet, nor the eccentricity of an ordinary painter, nor the daring of an imposter. His Ego, I take it, is not synonymous with the Cosmos. It comes too frequently in contact with the sea to be that. He is a believer in the real, the genuine, the enduring; he builds, in other words, upon what we still recognize as the eternal verities; and he looks up always to the cosmic law of order, which is forever old and new. His work, therefore, reflects his mind; there is reality in it, but not realism. His intellectual process often produces an emotional effect, even like a scientist with a vision, who thrills us with a description of some of the exquisite marvels of nature. The name of Tyndall, in this sense, has more than once come to my mind.

Mr. Dougherty showed me a number of his artist-sketches—his working data—which reminded me of a fascinating account I had once read of a sea expedition by Tyndall. His description of the water specimens taken from various depth and parts of the ocean, though thoroughly scientific, has a

delightfully poetic flavour. It shows a deep appreciation of the variety of sea tones and subtle shades that these rapid sketches reveal. But an artist must get away from the sea at times that he may better appreciate its grandeur and its terror. In so doing, Paul Dougherty brings with him snatches of its epic dirge, specimens of its various moods, rare and bizarre things of its own making; and on these, like the man of science with his collected specimens and notes, he builds his subject.

What a variety of impressions as well as facts those sketches reveal! Rocks of dazzling structure, of bewildering hues,—rocks that look like rotten fruit, others that look like jewels,—rocks that have fallen from the stars, others that have been swept out of the depths of the sea,—rocks half-buried like a sphinx in the sands, others that have risen in granite strata from the bowls of the earth—iron-eaten, moss-covered, rose-tinted, variegated rocks, the artist takes note of them all in their isolation as well as their relation to the surf and under the action of the waves. He also succeeds in registering a few lively impressions of those coquetting and fleeting waves. Here is a dragon-like effect of a rising billow, the claws shining through the mist, the fangs half-hidden in the foam. There is an interpretation of the resurging mood, a snap-shot of the suicidal leap against the rocks, a poetic suggestion of the sea's untiring passion for the beach. It must be fascinating to reconstruct from such data and such impressions a work of art that is as vital and impressive as the work of nature.

But the richness of his material sometimes proves fatal. He himself deplores the craze among modern artists, created by Monet, of painting light effects. They nigger with sunlight as the Hudson Valley painters niggled with foliage. But the niggling tendency in rocks and surf impressions is as bad as any other. Some of Mr. Dougherty's canvases are thus burdened and confused with the abundance that flows from his sketches; others bear the stamp of a frugal and sagacious treatment. In other words, he is mastered by his data in

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Towards Evening, for example, while in *Onrush* he is the master of them. In the latter canvas is an epitome of the static and dynamic forces of the earth. The sable cliff is slightly bent down against an angry sea, which rises in a sweeping majestic gesture only to fall dissipated at its feet. And the striking expression in roiled greens illustrating one force of nature breaking itself upon another, is emphasized with nervous dabs of yellow on the one hand and a relaxation of the brush on the other. The result is a telling stroke of technique, an achievement of power.

Another notable canvas done in his early manner, is *Coast of Maine*. Its atmospheric qualities are almost audible; its waves, caught in that brief moment when they stop, as it were, to take breath, are the nearest approach to those water forms that for a brief moment seem to defy the passing

wind. In *Rock and Surf* the rocks reflect in contour and complexion the vital energy of the earth and the variable temper of the sea. They are articulate and real. They can not be mistaken for congealed foam or waves in a state of arrested growth. I have seen marine canvases in which the rocks look like the fruits of Sodom, beautiful to behold, but without substance. A gust of wind, you would think, would sweep them away. The artists, in an effort to give them what is called texture, forgot even to bolster them up with a real rock or two—"I come like water and like wind I go." Others have I seen that recalled the shambles; the rocks in them reeked with blood-like tones,—chunks of beef fresh from the slaughter house—denied even the decency of cold storage! The unreality is ludicrous, grotesque. But in Paul Dougherty's canvases the rocks are not toys for the waves to play



ONRUSH

PAUL DOUGHERTY

The Marines of Paul Dougherty



ST. JEAN DE LUZ

PAUL DOUGHERTY

with or figments of abortive fancy, but solidities rising from the earth or from the sea.

Here again we meet with Winslow Homer. I am not making any effort to save Dougherty from the encounter, because I feel that he is enough himself to withstand, or emerge from, any shadow. But Homer's *Coast in Winter* must have suggested the model at least to Dougherty's *Coast of Maine*. I am not of those who can recognize at a glance in a landscape or a marine a particular locality or a certain strip of coast. Nor have I any ambition for proficiency in such matters. I don't believe, moreover, that a canvas should emphasize the identity of a place, unless it is made the key to a general conception—a generalization. The principal thing in nature is not the material, but the plan. And often the material, as in a Cézanne or a Van Gogh, is submerged in the plan or made subservient to it.

Now, I have never been to the coast of Maine. But, regarding the identity of the scene in question, here are two witnesses who corroborate each other on canvas. A certain rock, to a fisherman of the locality, may not be in a certain place. But what does it matter? He will surely find it somewhere else, if he has the patience and the eye of the artist. So far has Mr. Dougherty gone, even like his predecessor, in the conception and execution of a plan. To be sure, they both sought their material in a scientific spirit, constructed it in a logical manner, distributed it with an even hand. But it can not be said that either of them has achieved a full mastery of the summary process.

On the other hand, a keen sense of values imparts to Dougherty's work a compensating quality of feeling and depth. In *Quiet Waters*, for instance, the slate-coloured, moss-tinted rocks, at whose base is a thin ribbon of foam, serve well to com-

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pose the sombre harmonies in a moody sky and a brooding sea. Likewise in *Light on the Water*, the colour vibrations are equally sympathetic in their subtle and emphatic expressions. The gleaming purple of the sky and the turbid yellow of the stagnant water are brought together in a vigorous note of blue that seems to assert the dormant but dominant nature of the sea.

In the two last canvases mentioned Mr. Dougherty was preparing, I presume, for a departure. Every artist must turn his back, it seems, at one time or another, upon his own creations—must depart from them. Some do it gently, others abruptly, and still others in an estranged, irreconcilable manner. Paul Dougherty is one of those who never break wholly with their past: and though there be periods in his career that indicate one or more departures, he would

go his way on a sort of sentimental journey with one eye ever on the last object of his affection and the other on the object of his quest.

And this we now find in *St. Jean de Luz*, his last exhibited canvas, which is done in a different manner, a finer, more subtle style. For although the composition, simple and direct, takes in a very familiar, almost common strip of coast, the treatment lifts it to a place of distinction, invests it with a poetic charm, a depth of feeling, a harmony of soft and glowing tones that blend the mountains with the sea and sky. Those mountains in particular should attract even the sirens. In this canvas Paul Dougherty has struck a deep poetic note—I am tempted to say, spiritual—which should add considerably to his reputation and his art.



Courtesy of Arthur Harlow

AN AISLE
OF THE SEA

PASTEL
BY PAUL DOUGHERTY

The Modern Merlin and His Palette Recipes

THE MODERN MERLIN AND HIS PALETTE RECIPES BY JOHN WINSTANLEY

"Jane Jones, she honestly says it is so:

Maybe it is: I dunno.

*Of course, what was allus ahinderin me,
I ain't never had any lightnin or key."*

Maybe it allus was: we dunno; but, at least, it was in the good old mediaeval days, which is enough and to spare for the purpose.

If you had lived then, and had wanted to know anything or do anything; and if you were a knight or a lady, you would have hied yourself to a man with a book; the Magician Merlin, if you could find him, or any of his numerous clan, if you couldn't; and he would have looked in his book and given you a formula. Or, if you were just trash, you would have gone to some granny without a book, and she would have whispered a formula into your ear—one equally efficacious no doubt. Then if you failed to get what you wanted, the fault was entirely in the application you made of the method.

But if, in that age, you had been neither noble nor a commoner, but an artist, casting longing eyes upon a blank purse and a blank space on the wall of this or that church or palace, and scheming for a pull with the Grand Duke, you need not have hunted up either magician or granny, all you would have had to do would be to sit tight in your studio until some mysterious wight crept in with the evening shadows and, for a slight consideration, imparted to you the "The Secret of Tintoretto" Giorgione, Da Vinci, or anyone who happened to be the then artistic luminary. Once you knew the "secret," why there was just nothing to it; the Duke fell for you, and the wall space and a peck or so of double ducats fell to you. A-lack a-day! After a while the Dukes died off, the trash got all the ducats, the magician traded his book for a *Materia Medica* or a *Physics*, the chap with the secret of Tintoretto made pseudo-science of it, got it printed, opened a school to teach it, or otherwise exploited it, and—we arrived at modern times.

All of which is intended to convey that,

whereas, the ancient world has maybe improved a bit—we dunno—paint methods have remained mysterious; demanding faith. We do not speak of them as mysteries: we call them science, printed or whispered; a scientific palette. Once we have obtained a palette together with directions for the application of it, we need little else to become the peer of any master we please. We have the utmost confidence in method; are convinced that the attainment of great art is merely a more or less complicated calculation requiring certain progressive steps of a given formula, the use of which brings one without error or hesitation to a happy conclusion. Schools teaching various methods of palette procedure dot the land; chairs of method are endowed in colleges; treatises on method crowd the shelves of book shops, and even are there devised various mechanical contraptions and impediment embodying systems; kinds of palette-amulets, the use of which makes anyone a painter. Beside such manifestations, but opposed to endowments, is whispered science: traditional science, newly hatched, of Impressionism, Pointillism, Post-Impressionism; so our black paint is given to Tony to shine our shoes with; makers of women's what-you-may-call-'ems take our secondary colours and we will never, never see them any more. For all of us who take pride in ourselves scorn to use any but primaries.

But—Whistler, who begat palette system, said: "Art happens; no hovel is safe from it. No Prince may depend upon it, and the vastest intelligence cannot bring it about." According to him, art is a wilful jade, defying all analysis. All the strutting of man, whether he floats, flies, builds gigantic engines and talks across space with or without wires, does not impress her in the least. There is considerable contradiction here. A great, a very great artist says one thing, and endowed chairs say another thing. But the great artist was temperamental.

Your true scientific mind is not temperamental. After it has poured on the acid some thousand times in the State of New York, and repeated the experiment in Timbuctoo, noting uniform phenomena, it is al-

The Modern Merlin and His Palette Recipes

most willing to admit that grounds exist for the anticipation of a like result in New Jersey. Consequently, if there is anything scientific about a palette recipe, it must be capable of a like consistency of result. Let us grant that it is; let us admit that it is possible so to select and combine certain tones on the palette, that by beginning with number three for the background and counting three to the left, plus the square of the sixth on the right, minus the logarithm of their sum divided by the co-sign of Crementz white, we can arrive at the middle distance; and that by another series of calculation we can attain the foreground, and even complete the work, including the frame. In short, let us admit everything.

But, making such concessions, it must also be evident that to have calculated such a result; to have devised the various degrees of colour-saturation for the various portions of the picture, some established law of effect must have been taken as a basis, and what law can there be but aerial perspective—the backbone of realism? We, therefore, have a work expressing primarily a Procrustean realism embodied in a fixed colour scheme. This is all very well, and science has its picture monotonously enabling—like a stencil—a lot of people to paint a picture who never could paint one otherwise; but, is it art? Where is personal preference; where Botticelli, Tintoret, Da Vinci, Velasquez, Rembrandt, Holbein, Hogarth, Whistler, Manet, Monet, Puvis and even Cézanne, et al?—nothing stencil-like about them, surely. And where is that Intense and Vivid Individuality so much prized and talked about continually?

Clearly, this is no great showing for Merlin's Palette. Pseudo-scientific colour seems to lack artistic substance. It possesses much of the odour demimonde, intriguing perhaps to certain noses, but smacking of commercialism, of something done by process and a two-foot rule. And yet the idea of the set Palette will not down; nay, more, is not its very conception attributed to the said contradictory great artist? So it must almost be suspected that the modern mysterious wight (Dame Rumour, if wights are

ladies) purveying the master's secret, was actuated by some kind of basic fact. Because someone had devised a kind of painting evolution practice, he, she or it, on beholding it, jumped to the conclusion that it was the life secret of Art. But the story of Her life is no tale of Pigment; of whether this or that colour is used or not used. She can get on very well without any colours at all and has been known to do in stone, in certain Mediterranean countries, and on copper plates in a good many countries: therefore, we can be sure that, if a Palette system is of any value at all, it must be of a piece with "what has gone before." "Hewn in the marbles of the Parthenon and brodered on the fans of Hokusai." Obviously there is only one quality which can meet this requirement: rhythm, unity, repetition—the binding of the whole by a unit of measure common to each part. Now, all this being considered, it would seem that our only logical palette system must be one producing rhythm, or, it must rather be a system to safeguard us against those confusing influences, which have multiplied with the addition of each separate colour.

Modern palettes then, represent so many attempts to tune an instrument grown so gigantic that beside it those of a few past centuries seemed like the pictured harp of Erin; efforts to put into it some binding quality, so that it may not play haphazard and out of key. For such a polyglot there must be found some unit of measurement, some basis of rhythm. And where can such be sought save in colour itself?

Now, colour has two separate qualities; its value as light or dark (tone) and its value as colour (hue); a colour may be a light red or a dark red and it may be a yellow red or a bluish red, or it may be one of each together.

Our unit of measure then is both tone and colour: the first the basis of light envelopment; the second that of colour envelopment: in the former a given light intensity pervades throughout; in the latter a given hue. Chevreul, than whom none better qualified ever wrote on colour harmony, gives an excellent example of envelopment

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of hue. He says that it is as though one viewed various colours through a slightly tinted glass, a supposition which is no actual supposition at all, for it is precisely under such conditions that all colour in nature is revealed to us. Although our eyes quickly accommodate themselves to a desired focus, we are not constantly conscious of the complete effect. In itself, this inability to retain a general impression, to say nothing of any predesired colour envelopment, would suggest our taking advantage of every possible means to guard against mistakes, for merely to place upon a palette of chance colour, various unrelated pigments, purchased haphazard here and there, is but courting misfortune, were we attempting no more than to copy the scene before us; and it is even more serious when wishing to express any preselection, if not outright evidence of the lack of any selection whatever. In order to overcome this condition, some attempt must be made to prepare our colour envelopment (and tone too, as we shall see) in advance, which in turn resolves itself into tincturing the entire palette with the desired hue. For example, let us suppose the hue selected to be yellow—because of sunlight the commonest distinct envelopment encountered. A simple palette of yellow, orange, red, green, blue and purple, if yellow is added will result as follows: greater intensity of yellow, yellow orange, yellow red or even orange, yellowish green, greenish blue and red purple; while a blue envelopment would consist of yellowish green, red, purple or purpleish red, blue green, intense blue, blue purple.

In much a similar way can we conceive tone. Let us return to the pane of glass. Let us imagine it, not now coloured but shaded; making things look darker—or lighter, if we can fancy it; pulling extremes together, taking the curse out of blatancy; a light unit; common measure of all the shades; note of repetition forming a rhythm.

It is the individual manner of solving these problems, which has given rise to so many apparently unrelated palettes. For each painter there is some favourite tone and favourite hue. One prefers a low tone, another a high; one desires a yellowish envel-

opment, another bluish; choices which lead to deviation from the time of the very purchase of the pigment and which, naturally, alter the entire problem. Seldom, if ever, can one painter feel at home with the palette of another. Generally he cannot use it at all, not finding upon it the notes necessary to him, so each one has perforce to work out his own salvation. Of course, the ideal method would be to mix the colours in advance, adding the desired hue envelopment to each; tube them and set the palette with them, but not only would this entail many tubes, representing considerable labour, but further, there would be required various tones for each hue, so that in the end the tubes would become innumerable and the effort appalling; therefore, some compromise must of necessity be made; some short-cut devised which, with proper handling, will produce the result. As both tone and colour begin at the studio door, it is advisable to simulate a natural envelopment in the studio, avoiding in its decoration and furnishings all harsh contrasts, as everything within our sight affects our conception of the canvas, and in studios furnished with a heterogeneous collection of objects, glittering and thrusting themselves forward—such as were wont to be affected by the ultra-fashionable painter—it is impossible to judge either colour or tone correctly. But in selecting an environment the most important considerations are the canvas and the palette itself, both of which require preparation. Broadly speaking, there are three classes of picture tones, low, medium and high, representing the corresponding envelopment, and as the tone of the palette is the dominant factor in any tone mixed upon it, it is desirable that it be as near the selected envelopment as possible. To attempt a dark picture upon a light palette, or vice versa, is but to put hurdles in the path, while a false note upon a properly toned palette is but so much easier of detection.

Given the proper surroundings and palette we may then proceed to impregnate our colours with the required tone and hue in any manner which seems advisable. If the required palette is low in tone we can be

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careful to set it only with those pigments whose tone falls approximately within the desired scale and hue; as, for example, for a low toned yellow envelopment, yellow ochre, raw sienna, Venetian red, English vermilion, terra vert, raw umber, Cobalt blue and Prussian or any other greenish blue. However, for general use such a palette would perhaps be found too limited. Besides, were the desired key high, it would be well nigh impossible to find the proper assortment of colours in any list (saving, of course, pastels) so that preparation of the pigments becomes absolutely essential. The most thorough way to accomplish this is probably to impregnate the colour with the desired hue and tone (previously mixed) at each setting of the palette, care being taken to approximate samples previously prepared. In cases where colours can be obtained nearly within the tone scale, and the palette used is adaptable to the desired tone, (say for the darkest tones a palette of varnished black) it may only be necessary to impregnate with the requisite hue. In experienced hands this method can be still further shortened by placing the previously mixed hue upon the palette as an additional colour and adding it to each mixture as made. But though such a practice would be found adequate, it would require watching—being somewhat inclined to take the bit in its teeth.

It would be no exaggeration to say that the following is the most famous of the palette methods, but one which, while repaying study, will be equally efficacious in taking vengeance upon any facetious tyro seeking to capitalize it. Though, in its originator's hands, responsible for some of the world's greatest works, it could just as easily be responsible for some of its most picturesque, artistic ruins, were any shallow "adapter" to trifle with it. As given, it is absolutely authentic, though epitomized.

"... However, cut short it is 'no whites or blacks in nature.' So as to stay between them he used his method. The palette was set as follows, beginning at the right: black, Indian red, Venetian red, vermilion, white, yellow ochre, raw sienna, burnt sienna, raw

umber, Cobalt blue and mineral blue.

"Across the palette he drew three lines of black, forming three spaces. In the first, that to the left, he put the back-ground colour, graded from lightest to darkest, toward the black line at left. In the second, or middle space, he put the colours of the sitter's clothes, graded as before, and in the third, or right hand space, the flesh tones, similarly graded; always toward the black line at left.

"In mixing the colours, the lightest colour in the subject, always much lower in tone than white, (constantly standing outside, you see, looking through the window always) was mixed first. Usually this was the flesh; then the next darkest, et cetera.

"He never put a stroke on the canvas until his entire colour scheme was on the palette, and he never worked on one particular spot to the exclusion of the rest. It was all kept going together."

This was the Whistler palette and method; essentially one of tone; insurance against miscalculation and the highest possible barrier against vulgarity. Only seriousness permitted in the studio; monocle discarded for spectacles; drawling and dawdling changed for precise speech and intense action, and butterfly put outside to hobnob during working hours with the cat.

And there you have it: and much good may it do you, oh reader. As a rule nothing is more dangerous than a palette recipe. Only they who have understanding and are gifted with a sense of tone and colour may utilize it with impunity.

Help, a little guarding, a kind of crutch to lean upon is all that any method can offer us: a something a little better than our best brush, and perhaps even equalling the light at our favourite painting hour, but no substitute for trained faculties; for artistic insight, selection, sense of rhythm and experience; no open sesame, but merely a lever to the hand of imprisoned genius, fettered within itself and in need of implements solely for freedom's sake.

Jane Jones, she honestly says it is so.

Maybe it is; I dunno.

At any rate, here is the "lightnin" and key.

A Painter in a Steel Mill

A PAINTER IN A STEEL MILL.
A LETTER FROM GERRIT
BENEKER.

(Mr. Beneker is an employee of the Hydraulic Steel Company of Cleveland, Ohio. The following is in reply to a letter of mine, expressing interest.—*Editor.*)

You wish to know how the men take me and my work—whether they welcome me or oppose me. You would imagine that they were a bit shy at first.

When I first went through the Plant at Hydraulic I was introduced to several workmen operating machines, and each time that I clasped a greasy hand I received the impression of sincere fellow feeling. The inspiration came to me at once—which shows how an artist's inspiration must come from without. Here was the opportunity to get away from illustration and put over the kind of a picture that an art museum would take as art. All that I wanted to do now was to paint a portrait of some workman, the title of which would be, "My hands are black but my heart is Hydraulic." If this were to be used in a nation wide way it would be, "My hands are black, but my heart is American."

In picking out a subject to paint the consensus of opinion seemed to be that I should paint a fellow named Peggy Hirsch. Peggy's boss says he is the best truck driver in Cleveland. We went over to the garage where we found Peggy underneath a truck, softly swearing to himself. A little old man came in the door for some grease. Peggy thrust his neck out between the wheels and began damning him up and down, but finally crawled out from underneath the truck and got the grease for the old man, and then leading him to the door gave him a shove, hurling epithets after him to the effect that if he ever came in again he would knock his "damn block off."

As Peggy turned toward me I was introduced to him, and I received a really black hand clasp.

"Peggy," says I, "I want to paint you."

"Not by a damn sight," he says, "I am black enough."

"But I wish to paint only a picture of you"—at which he went back underneath the truck.

I asked him to be at my studio beside the factory chimney the next morning at nine o'clock. The next morning there was no Peggy. He had taken a truck and driven away for the day. The following morning, by arrangement, I met him in the employment manager's office. Placing my hand upon his shoulder as he sat there nervously twisting his hat and wondering what was going to happen to him, I said "Peggy, do you realize what it means when all the fellows around here pick you out for the first man to have his face on this magazine? Don't you consider it an honour to be chosen as the first man?"

He replied, "What have I got to do?"

I said, "All you have to do is to sit still while I paint a picture of you."

"All right," says he, "I will come up."

So he came to my studio and sat there like a bump on a log for the matter of a half hour or so, while I blocked in the proportions and values of the picture I wished to make.

"How long have I got to sit here," he exclaimed.

I replied that I had only just begun.

"Well, I got to get back and fix that truck," he replied.

"Oh, no you don't" says I. "Don't you know that I have the right to haul any man off the job long enough to paint him?"

"Who in h..! gave you those orders," he says.

When I told him that they came from the vice-president, who happened to be his personal friend, he says, "Oh, if Doc says so it must be all right."

So he continued to sit motionless, tobacco juice drizzling from his mouth, until I came to the place where I wanted some expression. I told him a funny story. He laughed. I asked him if it hurt. He laughed some more, and he kept on laughing and we became really friendly. Then he became interested.

"Say," says he, "can I see what you are doing?"



PEGGY HIRSH.
"MY HANDS ARE BLACK,
BUT MY HEART IS HYDRAULIC."

FROM THE
PAINTING BY
GERRIT A. BENEKER

A Painter in a Steel Mill

"Sure," says I, "come around."

Never shall I forget the expression which he uttered when he saw the likeness of himself—"Well I'll bed..n if it don't look like me" he exclaimed.

Now I could not drive him away. He kept returning for several days after the picture was finished with groups of workmen to see this remarkable likeness of himself. One may well imagine how he felt, and how the rest of the fellows took it when this picture came out on the cover of the magazine which goes to each workman, with the caption below it—"Peggy Hirsch — My hands are black, but my heart is Hydraulic." On the inside cover I wrote a little editorial on "The Black Hand," starting in to the effect that time was when the black hand stood for destruction, but to-day it stands for construction. The rest of the remarks were introductory to the coming of an artist into their lives.

It was only a question of two or three issues of the magazine when the fellows would call to me as I passed through the Plant, "Hey, Ben, when are you going to paint me," or "Who is the next fellow on the cover?"

While painting an operation called "welding" a group of workmen to the number of twenty or more were constantly behind me, watching the picture grow, stealing away a moment from their jobs now and then. It was their job, why should they not be interested in it, the same as we stand at the edge of an excavation to watch men work?

Out of that gang of workmen came a tap at my shoulder and a young Hungarian remarked, "I am an artist, too." Later in the day he asked me if I would come to his home for dinner, to which I assented gladly. After the dinner, which was a truly Hungarian affair, as we puffed at our cigars, he said, "Mr. Beneker, when I see you painting in the shop I come home to my wife and I cry."

"Why do you cry," I asked.

"Because," said he, "I know what you are doing; you are talking to men in their own language, the universal language of pictures."

How do they take it—you ask? While

painting in the Open Hearth Plant of our Canton Sheet Steel Company, again a group of "wops" and "hunkeys" watched me paint. Over on the end stood Dave, a Croatian foreman of the gas producer, the coal dust besmirching his sweaty, sullen face—"Do you know who is the smartest man in the world?" he remarked. I kept on painting. "That artist over there." Then I looked up, wondering what Dave was going to put over on me, but kept on painting lest he should not spring it. "Dat feller," he remarked, "is painting God without seeing him." Did anybody else get it? I knew what Dave meant—that God was in the molten steel and in each man's face. "Where did you get that, Dave?" I asked. "Dat," says he, "I knowed dat in the old country, long before I came over here. Just look through that factory," he exclaimed, "Men made all that, but they can't make a man, God makes man."

What do the men say?—besides being eager to pose they stand around while I paint them at their work and ask me if I draw those wheels with a free hand or whether I need a compass. When a picture appears on the cover we see them comparing the picture to the real thing in the factory. Their interest is in seeing if each detail is correct, but the thought expressed on the inside cover helps them to visualize, to understand, what it is all about.

In New York to-day Joe Davidson has an exhibition of portrait busts of the victorious heroes of the allies, and it is well that the likenesses of these men should be recorded in bronze and in paint for all time, but this is possible only because of the men that I paint, for victory and victors were impossible without the workingmen who forged the shells—and in this particular plant where my studio stands beside the factory chimney, men forged nineteen million shells for the war.

Besides being an artist I am a member of our Industrial Relations Advisory Board, for the reason that no man can sit before me for a period of three hours or more without telling me what is upon his mind. Time and again I have been able to help him and to help management, also.



MEN ARE SQUARE

GERRIT A. BENEKER

Book Reviews

BOOK REVIEWS

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF DRESS. LIFE EXPRESSED IN CLOTHES. By Frank Alvah Parsons. Doubleday Page & Company.

OLD WORLD LACE. A GUIDE FOR THE LACE LOVER. By Clara M. Blum. E. P. Dutton & Company.

"Virtue itself is disagreeable in a sloven; and that lady who takes no care of herself will find nobody to take care of her." Thus the "Ladies' Library" in 1739. And thus, too, the milliner's philosophy throughout the ages. But on this pious foundation what an edifice has been erected. I open Mr. Parsons' book on page 92 and read, "Lucrezia Borgia often spent the entire day at her toilet, that she might surely outshine any of her competitors when they assembled for their amusement." And reading on I learn of Gabrielle D'Estrées, mistress of Henry IV, "that her dress at court was so loaded with gold, silver and precious stones that it was absolutely impossible for her to move about at all in full dress and almost impossible for her to stand up." And what of Henry's Queen? Here are some articles of attire chosen from "a host of carved chests" kept "in numberless small rooms set aside for that purpose": "A chemise of linen damasked with gold and red silk . . . silk stockings, carnation yellow or blue . . . A petticoat of slashed violet satin . . . Still wearing the high canvas night-cap in which she slept, the Queen put on a dressing-jacket, and thus apparelled in petticoat and night-cap, gave audience to the people of her household . . . The choice of the day's dress was an important question . . . A dress of cloth of gold on a ground of columbine and with a long train . . . Her jewels. Her gold bracelets, studded with seventy-two small diamonds . . . Her earrings, two great diamonds surrounded by lesser brilliants . . . Her gold watch, valued at two thousand one hundred *livres* . . . Her rosary of enameled gold, embellished with diamonds, a trifle worth nine thousand six hundred *livres*. And, thus adorned, the Queen must yet perfume herself."

Of cosmetics *we* have much to learn even in this thick-painted age of ours. What do we know of magically charmed lotions? Who

now thinks of the possibilities of "a liquid obtained from the distillation of a whole dove with its feathers on"? Or a slice of raw veal, soaked in fresh milk, and applied to the cheeks at night?

And at the other extreme we have the Platonic costume, unfortunately not described, but "following the theory that the soul should be clothed instead of the body—that is, he (Plato) affirmed a relation between the colour, form and texture and the soul quality, or the quality of personality." Which is much the same as the theory which Oscar Wilde propounded on the same theme, doubtless with different results.

At length we come to the eighteenth century, which was *man's* day. A detailed list of thirty articles of clothing necessary to a young blood of Venice in 1751 includes coats, breeches, shirts (to be changed ever day), silk stockings, belt pendants of gold, steel sword mounted in gold, black shoes, perique, collars (changed twice a day), plain English hat, two white handkerchiefs, ("one for paring fruit, the other to serve the Lady when she takes a sherbet, coffee or chocolate") and two other handkerchiefs for the nose (of tree bark), "silk sponges for wiping off the perspiration," "candied fruits in a gilded box, a stand mounted in gold with perfumed spirits in the latest mode." and "a box with assafoetida, which will serve for the lady if she suffers a hysterical attack."

But perhaps the following rounds off man's attire as well as anything. In England "every man of fashion carried a tiny muff in winter."

I recommend Mr. Parsons' book to the dictators of fashion. They will find much of value. Commercial value, too, no doubt. Measured with the past we are very Puritans. And we thought ourselves such dogs.

Clara Blum's little book on lace is full of interest and beautifully illustrated. It covers the lace of Italy, France, Spain, England and Ireland.

Also received:

THE ARTS IN EARLY ENGLAND. By G. Baldwin Brown. Rothwell Cross, Bewcastle Cross, Lindisfarne M. S. With philological Chapters by A. Blyth Webster. E. P. Dutton & Company.



MICHELANGELO
CASTS ON EXHI-
BITION AT THE
METROPOLITAN
MUSEUM

"WELDING"
FROM THE
PAINTING BY
GERRIT
BENEKER

MR. ROBERT BURNS'S PICTURES
OF MOROCCO. BY E. A. TAYLOR.

TO bear the name of one whose fame has spread throughout the world, and especially one whose life work is beloved from childhood to old age in every Scottish household, may become burdensome by its many humorous associations despite the impetus it may give the namesake to maintain the idealistic honour attached to it. Had, however, Robert Burns, the poet, clung to his father's baptismal name of Burness, Robert Burns, the artist, would not have so personally enjoyed the many quaint incidents which continually arise due to his similarity of name. Without departing from Scotland, one will find there few poets, or lovers of poetry, who have not a remarkable appreciation for Robert Burns, the poet, and so, too, one will find there few artists and lovers of painting who have not a sincere appreciation for Robert Burns, the artist. ♦ ♦ ♦

A man of distinct individuality as well as thoughtful ability, he has for a number of years been acclaimed with the notable amongst the outstanding Scottish painters, and there are probably few artists who have touched so many strings in their art gamut. A native of Edinburgh, various Scottish art schools were tried by him, but it was in Paris, with its Jardin des Plantes and the life class in the Académie Delecluse, that he found most satisfaction akin to his early artistic outlook. On returning to Edinburgh he devoted much of his time to designing stained glass, iron and silversmith's work. Twenty years ago, while still a young man, he made his mark with a series of figure subjects on legendary and historical themes of great beauty and power. In mural decoration and book illustration, too, his fine decorative sense found an outlet from time to time, and many of those early illustrations are prominent to-day amongst the most vigorous in that branch of art. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦



"A PORTUGUESE ARCHWAY, MAZAGAN"
WATER-COLOUR BY ROBERT BURNS

MR. ROBERT BURNS'S PICTURES OF MOROCCO



"A COVERED MARKET, FEZ"
WATER-COLOUR BY
ROBERT BURNS

Having closely attached himself to the study of design, it is that rare quality that he has charmingly assimilated and never lost sight of throughout his varied and always progressive work. His innate sense of design, aided by a masterly craftsmanship enables him to achieve, with the utmost economy of means, that which he sets out to do. This was fully demonstrated in a collective exhibition of his water-colours shown in Messrs. Taylor and Brown's Galleries, Edinburgh, in April, 1918, and one in the same galleries during the following spring, brought nothing but praise from his brother artists, as well as a generous measure of appreciation from the general picture lover. This was almost entirely composed of scenes from his native land, moorlands in snow and sunlight, rivers in spate and chattering burns, all delineated with a selective refinement, and appealing eloquently to those who find poetry in

the note of the curlew and love the haunts of whaups and peewits. ♦ ♦ ♦

From those scenes of silence and romance, it seems a far call to Morocco, and one might wonder how an artist imbued with a Stevensonian affinity to the hills would translate the more turbulent life and glowing colour of the East as conjured up in the imagination. One's idea of the desert is that of a barren wilderness, but Mr. Burns in many of his pictures has surely found where it blossomed like the rose—and roses of other colours than red, such as pale cream, tending to white, amid seas of waving grass on sandy ground, stretching into eternity under delicate blue skies.

In his recent sojourn he sketched in many out-of-the-way towns and villages throughout Morocco into which few artists, if any, had before penetrated, and his own description of them to me may be interesting to those whose imagery

MR. ROBERT BURNS'S PICTURES OF MOROCCO



"ORANGE SELLERS AT THE BAB
S MARIN, FEZ" WATER-
COLOUR BY ROBERT BURNS

is that of a "gorgeous East." "Nothing of the sort," says Mr. Burns. "A land of mud and dust, of dogs and donkeys, fleas and flies, of green grass and glaring skies, of clouds and shadows, and opal-hued distant hills, a land of tall silent-footed men clad in white and grey, of veiled women who glide about white and statuesque as marble Madonnas, a land of unceasing noise where day and night *dera-bouka*, *ghaita* and *gimboi* throb and scream, above all the land of smells, all pervading and defiling high heaven." That description may not truly be one of a "gorgeous East," but it certainly conjures up a gorgeous East in suggested material for drawing and colour—material, however, which in view of the people's known objection to being portrayed de-

mands from the artist a keen sense of observation as well as a retentive memory if he would fully realise the spirit and life of the place. From the multitude of drawings Mr. Burns produced while there undoubted proof is forthcoming that he possessed those qualities, and that nothing essential escaped his brush or pencil. All the results of his visit are recorded in water-colour, and as many of the drawings are of fairly large dimensions, it necessarily follows that black and white reproductions on the reduced scale appropriate to magazine illustration can give no more than an approximate idea of the originals.

Those interested in refined colour and drawing, as well as vigorous sincerity, should not miss the comprehensive collection of these drawings, which will be

MR. ROBERT BURNS'S PICTURES OF MOROCCO



"BAB DEKÉKENE, FEZ." WATER-
COLOUR BY ROBERT BURNS

shown at the Leicester Galleries during the month of April. Though Mr. Burns's work is well known as that of a distinguished painter in the north, it will, if I am not mistaken, be the first one-man exhibition of his water-colours to be seen in London. His figure subjects and landscape paintings have been amongst the outstanding features in the various exhibitions of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers, but as an artist he has little opinion of initial honours, and certain strong convictions he entertains regarding art societies and their rules, prompted him to resign his

connection with the Royal Scottish Academy, of which he was an Associate. He is equally strong, too, in upholding the work of younger painters of promise, many of them he started on the right road to achievement during his influential directorship of painting in the Edinburgh College of Art, and much regret was felt when he severed his connection with the College, to follow more closely a less trammelled course in his own creative work. I doubt, indeed, if any other artist has gained so many admirers by his generous encouragement of struggling and sincere students of art. ♡ ♡ ♡

A PAINTER OF BIRDS: C. W. SIMPSON, R.I., R.B.A. ▢ ▢

EARLY in his career, Mr. Simpson's robust and versatile talent won him recognition and a reputation which his latest work is certain to increase and establish. For it marks not merely a synthesis of what he has done in the past, but the evolution of a distinctive and individual art. Experiment has always been the note of Mr. Simpson's work, both in conception and handling. After a period of study at Bushey, he spent some years in Cornwall painting landscape and studying the wild life of the Land's End and the Lizard. Devoted to the open air, he soon discovered that animals, and especially birds in their natural surroundings, gave him the material he wanted for expressing his vision of the world. At one time, indeed, he planned to visit Africa, and there combine big game hunting with painting,

but a riding accident unfortunately prevented this. But before coming to grips with the work which has been the main interest of his life, Mr. Simpson went to Paris, and there came under the influence of the Impressionists. For some years, therefore, his work united the direct naturalism characteristic of nineteenth century British art with a technique derived from France. Then, as now, his range was wide. Working for the most part in Cornwall, he painted landscape, the sea, figure subjects and portraits, but chiefly concentrated upon birds, especially sea-birds. In intervals of painting, hours were spent with field glasses in patient observation of the bird life of Cornwall in all its aspects; and to strengthen his hold upon animal anatomy, slaughter-houses were visited and many careful drawings made. It was at this time, in the years immediately preceding the war and during the war, that some of Mr. Simpson's most im-



"CURLEW." TEMPERA PAINTING BY
CHARLES W. SIMPSON, R.I., R.B.A.
(Laing Art Gallery, Newcastle-upon-Tyne)

A PAINTER OF BIRDS



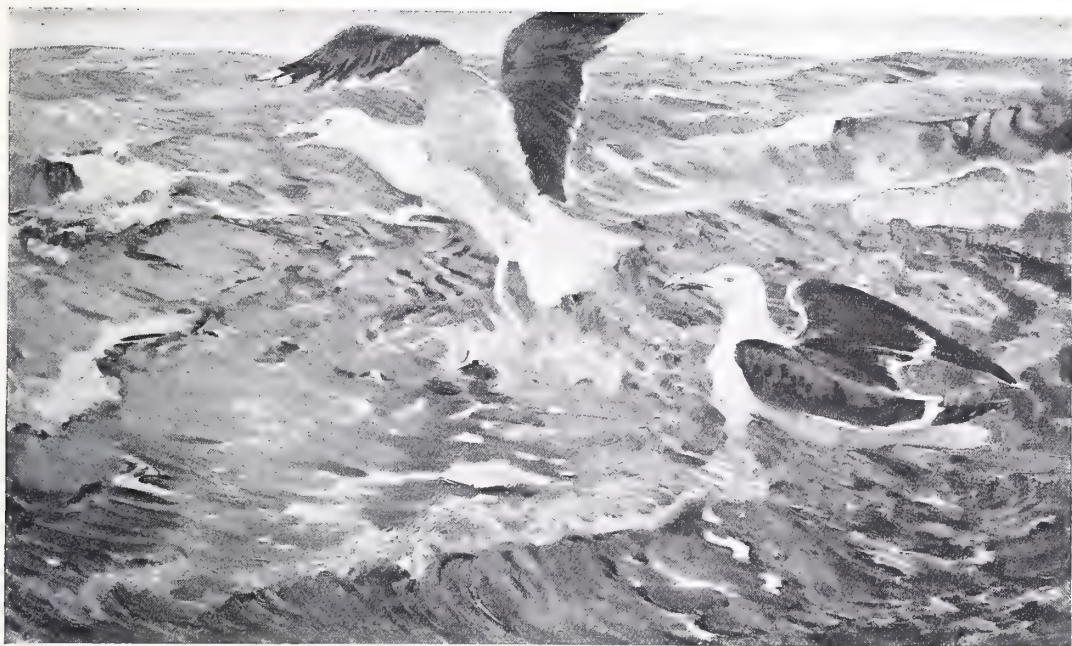
"A BEVY OF DUCKS." OIL PAINTING
BY CHARLES W. SIMPSON, R.I., R.B.A.

portant work was produced and exhibited, notably at the Royal Academy, the International Society, and the New English Art Club. In 1915 he received a gold medal and diploma at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition for a landscape in oil. With this painting it is interesting to compare the somewhat similar *Trink Hill*, exhibited last year at the Royal Academy. The warm glow which suffuses this picture was secured by painting on a vermillion ground, an interesting and successful experiment. But though success and recognition were secured, Mr. Simpson was not satisfied. He felt that the ideas and methods on which his work had so far rested were inadequate to express what he wanted to say. Consequently, much experimental work was produced. From studying form more or less in repose, the artist passed to the study of form in movement, at the same time exploring and testing many different technical methods. Water-colour, gouache, oil, and pastel Mr. Simpson uses with almost equal facility. But, working as he does

direct from nature, his animal work calls for a medium which will give him what he wants to get in the shortest possible time; and therefore, especially in painting birds, he has developed considerably the use of water-colour mixed with Chinese or tempera white. This alone gives whites of the quality and brilliance which he requires. The constant practice of working direct from life has to some extent hindered Mr. Simpson from fully exploring the possibilities of colour. Speed in working almost necessarily demands a restricted palette, as it did with Frans Hals, perhaps the most accomplished of all *alla prima* painters. But in the last year or two Mr. Simpson has been overcoming this difficulty by working more and more from memory and sketches. Needless to say, this practice has been possible only as the result of much study and working direct from nature; and it has had even more important effects than increased mastery over colour. As I have remarked, up to a point Mr. Simpson worked in the British naturalistic tradition. Not



"SILVER MORNING." FROM THE PAINTING
BY CHARLES W. SIMPSON, R.I., R.R.A.
(IN THE POSSESSION OF DR. COLLINGWOOD STEWART.)



"BLACK BACKED GULLS." BY
CHARLES W. SIMPSON, R.I., R.B.A.

that his work was transcript; but he was content to take his material more or less as he found it on the ground, and make his design fit his facts rather than the other way round. Recently, however, study of Japanese and Chinese art stimulated the desire to use natural forms as the basis of conscious and deliberate design. To this end Mr. Simpson has directed his latest work. Several examples are here reproduced, and a representative exhibition has recently been held at the Laing Art Gallery, Newcastle-on-Tyne, where one of his paintings has been acquired for the permanent collection. ■ ■ ■

This work of Mr. Simpson's deserves the most careful study. Throughout, the greatest attention has been paid by the artist to the rhythm and balance of line and mass. Spontaneous and unpremeditated though these pictures may appear, close examination shows how carefully every detail has been considered in relation to the general design. Take, for example, in *Silver Morning* the way in which the gulls are placed in relation to the sunlit water, and the darker mass of the boat

and its reflection. But there is no obvious mark of conscious arrangement, which as a rule only secures design at the expense of vitality. As the result of long study, the artist has been able to weld his materials—birds, water, shipping—into a harmonious and balanced pattern, without losing their structure and essential character. There may still be room for further investigation of problems of colour and atmosphere; but Mr. Simpson has gone so far that there is little doubt he will go further. At present he is almost without a rival in the particular field he has chosen to explore. The work of Joseph Crawhall was slighter in conception and execution, and was less influenced by conscious design. Perhaps the most interesting comparison is with the Swedish painter, Bruno Liljefors, to whom Mr. Simpson is very close in aim and method. The development of the two artists has been quite independent, but their achievements are alike grounded in the love and study of animal life, and the use of a Western technique for a treatment of design inspired by Eastern Art.

W. G. CONSTABLE.

LEONARD RICHMOND, R.B.A.,
R.O.I., LANDSCAPE PAINTER. BY
W. H. CHESSON. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

BIRDS are said to have pecked at a painting of grapes by Zeuxis who, on the same occasion, was himself deceived by the skill of Parrhasius into asking that artist to remove from his picture a curtain as triumphantly illusory as his grapes. Those for whom painting is a technique of imitation find much refreshment in this classical anecdote, and wonder how any art which claims to be representative of fact can so ignore the outwardness and obviousness of things as to be at all perplexing to the simple man who admires every visible sunset and any scene where grass, flowers and running water speak pleasantness to the soul. ♦ ♦ ♦

And yet when the soul is truly per-

cipient or awake the outwardness of that which affects it has ceased to serve as an exclusive informant. It may be that the passions and yearnings of the individual inside the object seen are manifest; it may be that the yearnings and passions of the spectator become temporarily translated by that object. The tiger may become a furnace, the tree a hamadryad, so mighty is the spirit of hunger shaking and lighting the feline form, so inveterately desirous of the feminine is man. But such a tiger, such a tree, are not wanted to illustrate treatises on natural history and botany. One may say, too, that if Zeuxis had painted a vine suggestive of Bacchic revelry, of eyes deliriously joyous and zones snapped by the sorcery of sex, no bird would have alighted on his picture. And if the curtain painted by Parrhasius had really conveyed that feeling of mystery,



"HARLECH CASTLE." PASTEL BY
LEONARD RICHMOND, R.B.A., R.O.I.



"WATERLOO BRIDGE." PASTEL BY
LEONARD RICHMOND, R.B.A., R.O.I.
(In the possession of H.H. the Maharaj
Rana Bhawan Singh of Jhalawar)

sometimes awfulness, which is, as it were, the soul of a curtain articulate in the spectator, it is not probable that Zeuxis would have asked him to draw it aside.

The above serves as an approach to my subject, the art of Leonard Richmond, one of the most original and poetic contemporary landscape painters, an exquisite colourist who so loves trees that he sees them as no eye obsessed by outwardness will ever see them. ♡ ♡

Born at Taunton in Somersetshire on a 9th of June in the nineteenth century, Mr. Richmond is still young enough to consider every virgin canvas before him as an opportunity for expressing something new. His father, Andrew Richmond, who died when Leonard was sixteen, built a suspension bridge and was an expert draughtsman. At the age of twelve Leonard borrowed his father's water colours and painted an imaginary land-

scape. This he laid on the desk of his father, who viewed it with delighted surprise. The death of Andrew Richmond obliged the young artist to seek employment, regardless of its congeniality. He therefore worked in a lawyer's office, and in the evening benefited, as a voluntary student, by instruction at the Taunton School of Art. There the headmaster, Mr. Fred Mason, a very clever draughtsman, observed his great talent, and in 1898 appointed him assistant teacher. ♡

He was still in the lawyer's office when a phrenologist happened to call there and feel bumps. On feeling Leonard Richmond's he exclaimed, "My boy, it is absurd for you to be here. You should be an artist!" ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

This was no news to a youth who, since he learned to spell, was as fascinated by the mere word *painting* as if it were a mesmerist's eye. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡



"THE BRIDGE." PASTEL SKETCH BY
LEONARD RICHMOND, R.B.A., R.O.I.

That word, like a magnet, drew him to London where life was, for a time, a trying discipline for an idealist forced by his genius to offer the hurrying town visions of a lover of things or creatures less intelligible to men than sylphs or salamanders—trees, hills, clouds, winds.

In 1909 Mr. Richmond went to live in Brentford and often sketched with Mr. John Littlejohns, a well-read artist of great skill and sensitiveness. ♦ ♦

In 1911 the Modern Gallery exhibited several Somersetshire landscapes by Leonard Richmond; in 1914 Mr. Frank Brangwyn proposed him successfully for membership of the Royal Society of British Artists; in 1915 he gained the Bronze Medal in the International Section

of the Panama Exposition at San Francisco; in 1918 he was elected, on the initiative of Mr. H. Davis Richter, to the Royal Institute of Oil Painters, and in the same year he went to France to study for the Canadian Government the subject of a colossal oil-painting, which was afterwards exhibited at Burlington House under the title *Railway Cutting*. Exhibitions at Messrs. Derry & Tom's (1919) and the Eldar Gallery (1920) showed that good commercial judges regarded our artist as one of the "arrived." ♦ ♦

Mr. Richmond is a mystic—that is to say he is aware of a harmony or discord that cannot be verbally communicated. When he is in a wood he knows that the trees are with him, that he and they



"THE SOWER." PASTEL
BY LEONARD RICHMOND
R.B.A., R.O.I.



"DREAMLAND." PASTEL BY
LEONARD RICHMOND, R.B.A., R.O.I.

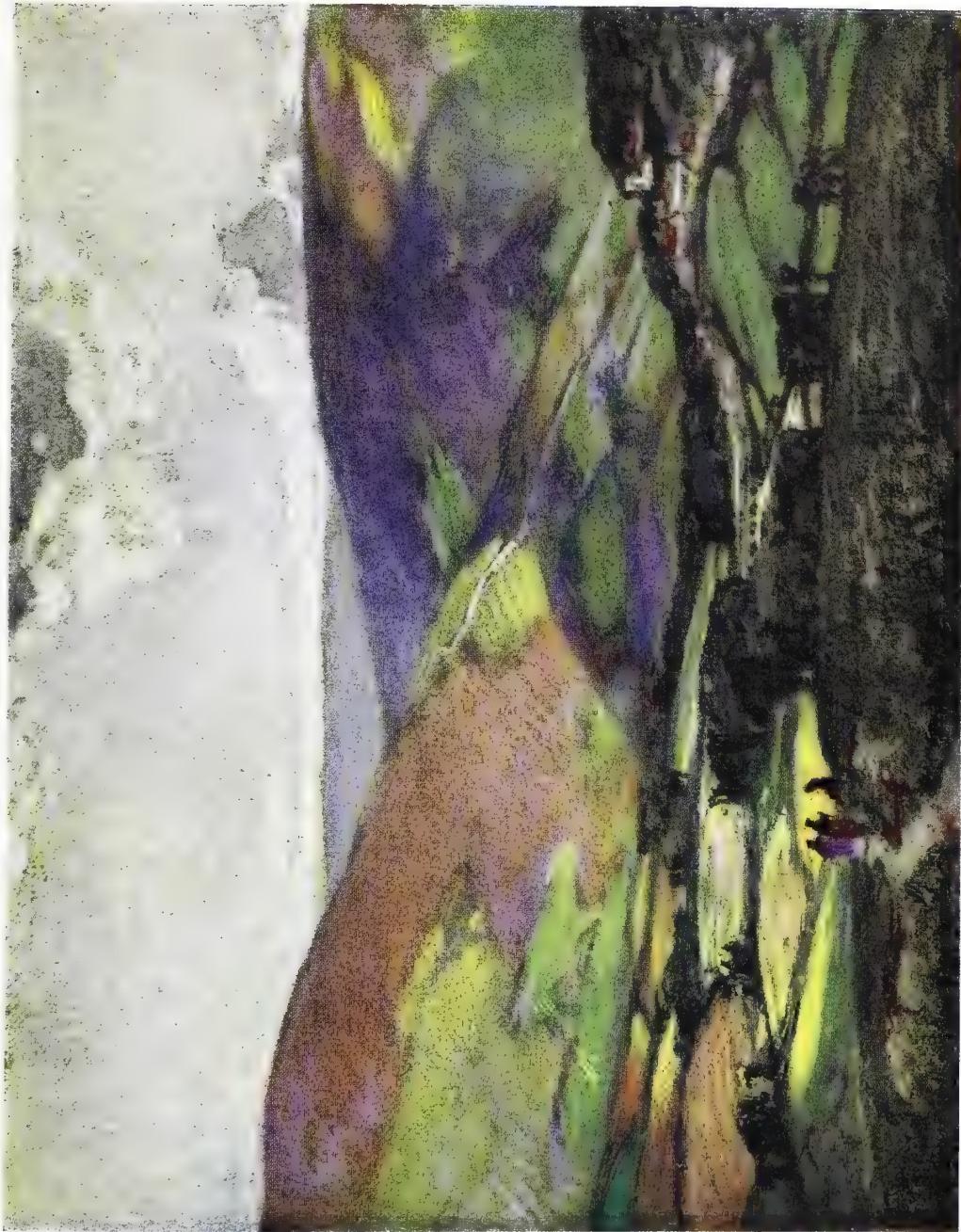
interflow, as it were. A skilful draughtsman, he can draw just what he chooses, and his trees, so extraordinarily different from those by typical English artists (e.g., Constable) are, nevertheless, the expression of a sincere vision. Studied sympathetically they will convey ideas of trees which the mere sight of familiar externals fails to lodge in the mind. It is not necessary to say what these ideas are. They may not be definable as information and yet they may re-open the lidded eyes of wonder. ♦ ♦ ♦

No psychic study of Mr. Richmond's art must neglect music. He dreamed once that there were pictures on the piano, and that he was playing them. The trees at the right of *The Sower* are to him like sinister music soaring : what

ironic significance this fancy gives to the plodding rustic at the left ! ♦ ♦

He has been known to work with such self-obliviousness that the picture was practically "news" to him when he became normal again. This was the case with *Dreamland* ; only the human figures were put in with conscious intellectuality : the rest was like the deed of a somnambulist.

His art is, happily, in no danger of making a mannerism of mystery. It never wearies of reference to the realities which it interprets. The tearing of vapours to reveal the sky, the creation of solitude to reveal the companionableness of hill and heather, tree and cloud, the revelation of distance as beckoning Romance—these are a few of its typical feats. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦



"THE COMING SHADOW." FROM THE PASTEL
BY LEONARD RICHMOND, R.B.A., R.O.I.

SOME FRENCH TOYS OF TO-DAY.

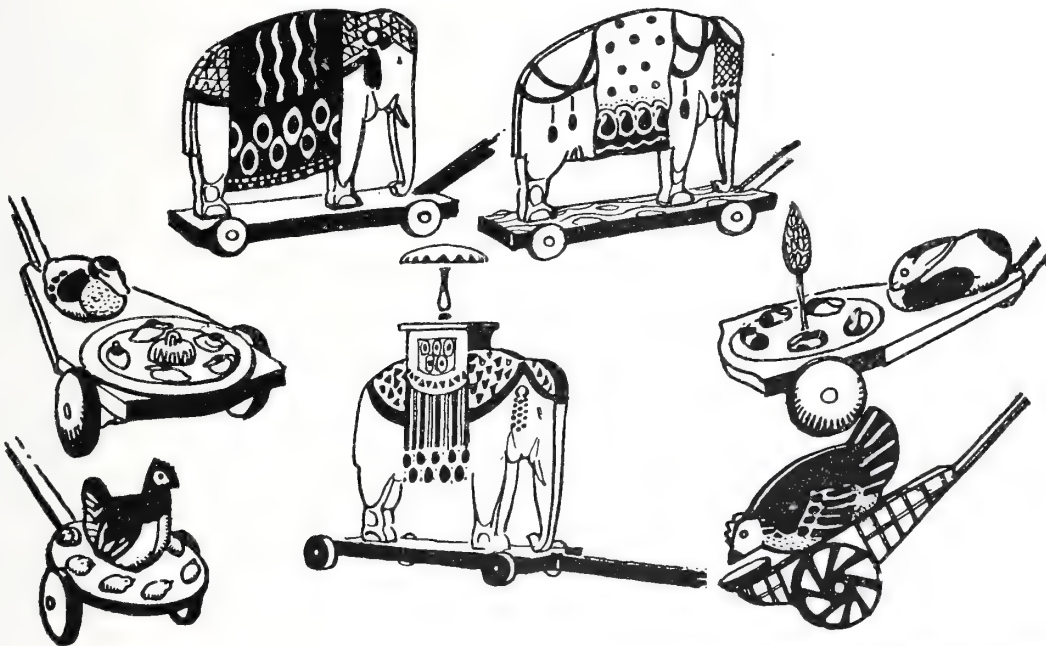
IN no branch of the industrial arts has the progress brought about by the participation of expert artists been greater than in toy-making. Practically every kind of toy, from rag-doll to hobby-horse, is nowadays very different, and far more pleasing artistically, than it was a very few years ago. But, toys after all being made for the children and not for the art critic, it is interesting to note how far recent improvements contribute to render the toys of to-day enjoyable for their youthful possessors.

Toys, intended for children, are bought by grown-ups. And the tendency to judge them from an adult's standpoint may become misleading. A toy may strongly appeal to the educated taste and yet fall short of its true purpose. It must be something to play with, not only to look at or to show. And being that, it may still fall short if it fails to do all that a really good toy does by way of educating not so much the child's mind—for the range of the educational toy proper is narrow—as its eye, its imagination, acting as a stimulus whose potential powers are practically boundless.



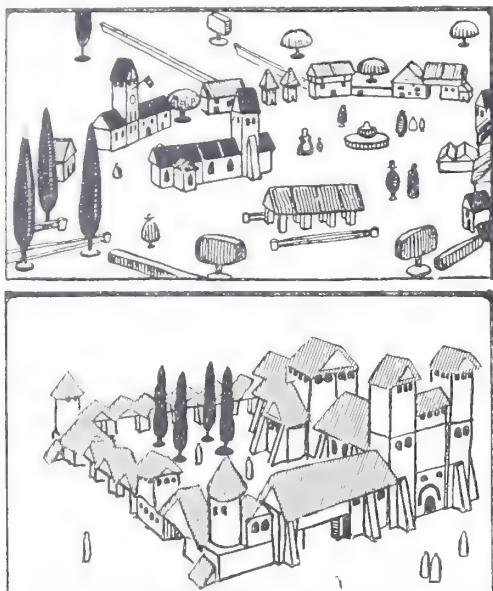
"RUE DE CONSTANTINOPLE"
WITH MOVABLE FIGURES
MADE BY "LE JOUET DE FRANCE"

The nursery of to-day, as conceived and carried out by many a competent artist, plays an all-important part in the early training of the child's mind and senses: simple, cheerful schemes, carefully planned out in every detail; bright colours, interesting designs are the order of the day. And their carrying out calls for no less skill than the most elaborate works of art.



PAINTED WOODEN TOYS. MADE
BY "LE JOUET DE FRANCE"

SOME FRENCH TOYS OF TO-DAY



TOY FRENCH VILLAGE AND
MEDIÆVAL MONASTERY
CASTLE, ETC. MADE BY
"LE JOUET DE FRANCE"

At a time when industrial reconstruction constitutes a vital question, it is indeed satisfactory to see how greatly Great Britain and France have progressed in the industries catering for the needs of the child. The French toys to which this article is devoted are a case in point.

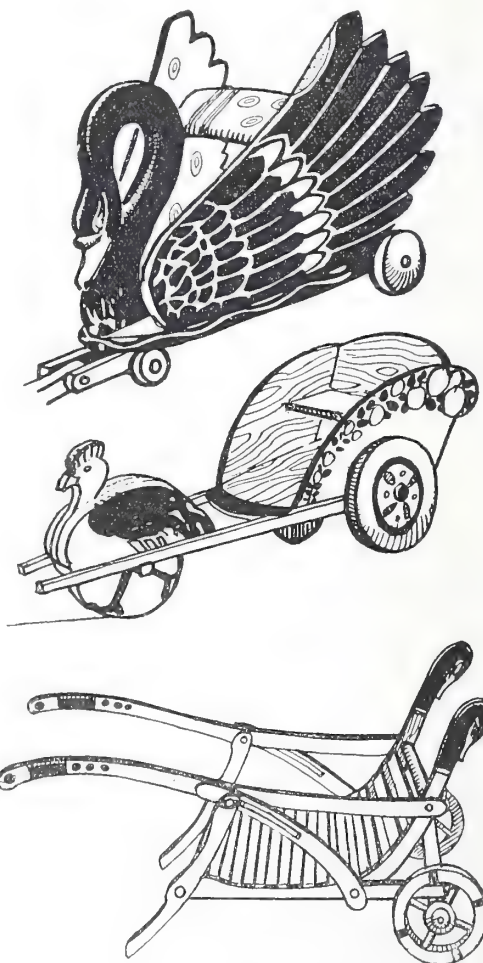
France has always been in the front rank as a toy producer. For a long time her mechanical tin toys, inartistic but intensely amusing, have provided a remunerative use for old tin and incomes for thousands of small manufacturers and hawkers, whilst in far away regions of the provinces, and especially in the mountainous districts, the peasants produce a variety of simple, quaint wooden toys.

The chief factors of the recent progress were the organisation of the toy industries on a co-operative basis, the creation of schools, exhibitions, and competitions for the encouragement of producers, and the entrance in the field of artists whose gifts of invention and execution have led to far-reaching results.

Among these artists may be selected, as thoroughly representative, Le Bourgeois, Rapin, and Francis Jourdain. The former two design the toys made by "Le Jouet de France"

de France"; the third has recently added toy-making to his wide and versatile range of artistic labours.

The key to quality in toy-production is the same as in all applied arts; good raw material, treated in accordance with its properties—which in turn means good design and good workmanship, the highest ideal of both producer and consumer. Let us consider for instance, among the toys designed by Le Bourgeois and Rapin, their wooden animals. Here we have substantial timber, cut on broad lines, with just the necessary amount of finish to give the toy individuality, to make it live. The design is superb and humorous; and for grip of form and treatment of material,

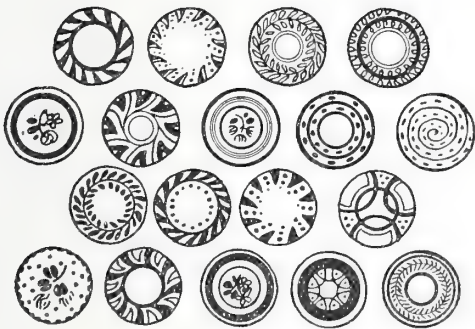


TOY CARRIAGES. MADE BY
"LE JOUET DE FRANCE"

SOME FRENCH TOYS OF TO-DAY



TOY ANIMALS, BIRDS, ETC. MADE
BY "LE JOUET DE FRANCE"

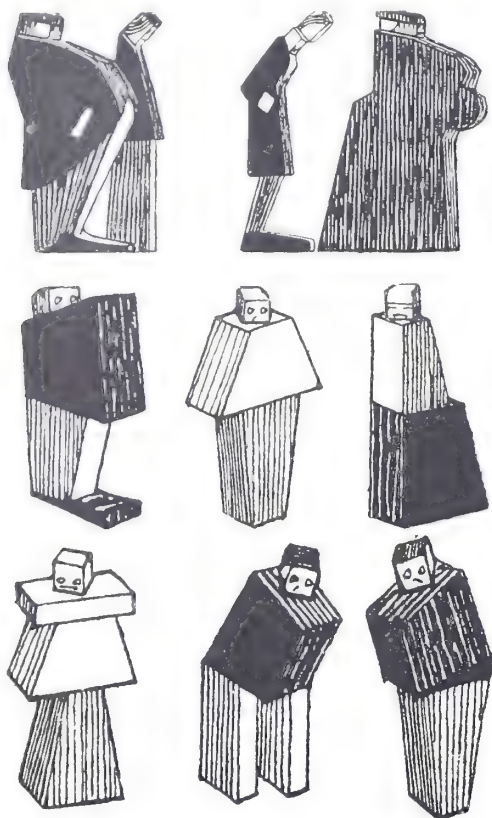


TOY PLATES. MADE BY
"LE JOUET DE FRANCE"

these toys stand unparalleled. The massive dignity of the elephant, the quaint pompous waddle of the goose, the constant, futile anxiety of mother hen, all wonderfully observed, find their true expression. In the broad curves of the swan, the artist finds the natural constructive elements of a push cart. The rocking-horse he designs in action, selecting the very attitude in conjunction with which the movement of rocking will appear most natural and lifelike.

And all those toys are toys to play with, stout in build, useful, as delightful in the

SOME FRENCH TOYS OF TO-DAY



CUBIST TOY FIGURES. DESIGNED BY FRANCIS JOURDAIN

home as they are in the alluring surroundings which the up-to-date toy-seller is an adept in providing. The design, a blend of realism and artistic interpretation, will stimulate the child's imagination, its sense of humour and capacity for perception far better than the crude renderings favoured by the toy-maker of yore. ♦ ♦ ♦

Another type of toys which calls for special notice is the miniature furniture. Simple, beautifully decorated examples produced by the same artists are far more satisfactory, from every point of view, than the elaborate, costly reproductions of current types of furniture that not long ago were the only substitute for worsely designed and even more coarsely adjusted rubbish. Particularly charming are the toy crockery sets, from which many a grown-up might be tempted to cull some choice bit to serve as ash tray or to grace the trinket-shelf. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

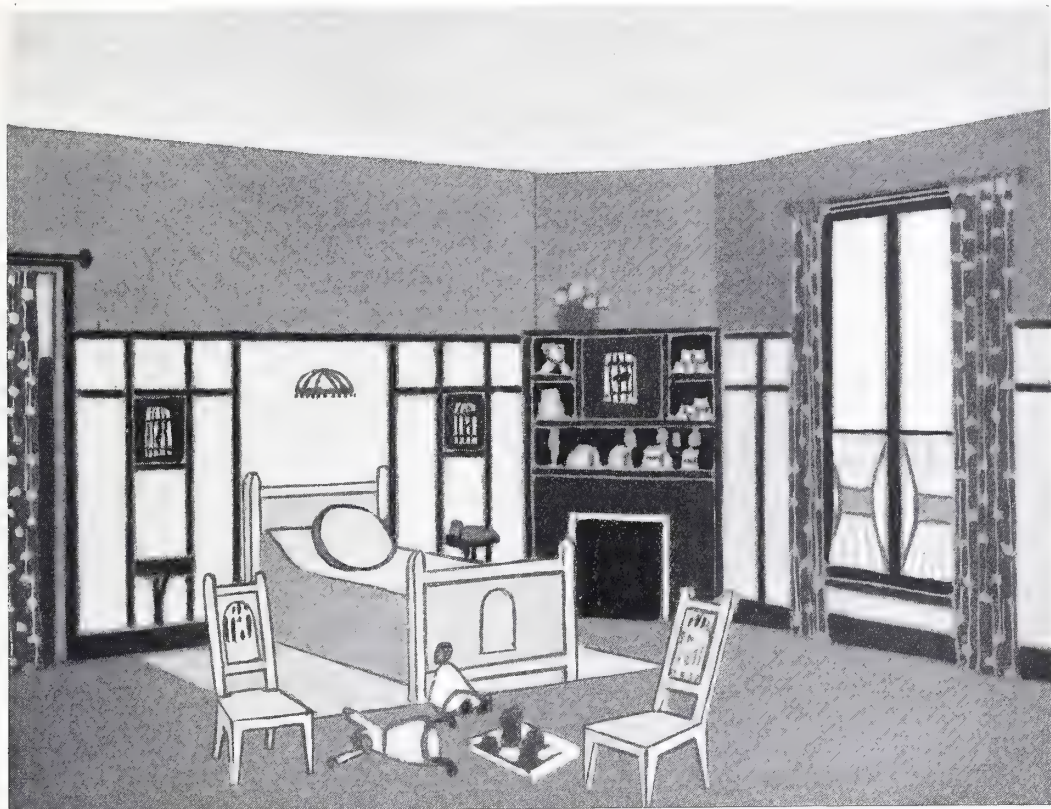
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Far different in spirit, Francis Jourdain's toys partake of the same qualities in no less degree. They comprise a number of games in which the principle of such old favourites as the Game of Goose, Halma, and others is ingeniously renovated. How novel the delight of using, instead of pawns or counters, quaint little wooden cottages, or birds, or rabbits, or weird grinning puppets in infinite variety! The time-honoured box of bricks appears in a new incarnation, in which every brick is designed so as to enable the child to build cottages that stare and grin and roll their eyes and show their teeth as in fairy-tales. Cubism applying for its right of citizenship in the nursery will find no opponents when it appears in the shape of Pouf and Couic, travellers along a new kind of goose-board, or in the constructional game "The Cubist," which provides the infant cartoonist with inexhaustible material. Another striking instance of humour is afforded by the same artist's *Bécassine, the Market-woman*, whose head, a plain wooden ball with five dabs of paint for



"BÉCASSINE, THE MARKET-WOMAN"
(SWEETMEAT BOX). DESIGNED
BY FRANCIS JOURDAIN

SOME FRENCH TOYS OF TO-DAY



NURSERY DESIGNED BY
FRANCIS JOURDAIN

the eyes and mouth, expresses, according to the way in which it is turned, coyness or defiance, anger, bewilderment, or self-satisfaction. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

Francis Jourdain also stands foremost among designers of complete schemes for the nursery, an instance of which is afforded in one of our illustrations. Design and colour-scheme contribute to the general effect of restfulness and brightness. The keynote is one of cheerfulness and simplicity. In another recent design of his we see even more clearly how every practical point can be turned to some artistic purpose. The high wooden railing round the fireplace, and well away from it, is an ornamental feature as well as a necessity, and will be found a welcome substitute for the usual ugly iron guard. There is little furniture, so as to allow plenty of free room; yet one could desire nothing better in the matter of completeness and com-

fort. For the frieze, notes of music are skilfully utilised—one detail among many well calculated to provide the mental stimuli referred to above. ♡ ♡ ♡

In short, the essential merit of all these innovations is their essential soundness from the critical point of view as well as the practical. They show that art and industry can always co-operate without sacrifice for either, and with the ultimate result that products far ahead of anything which either could create unassisted can be placed on the market at competitive prices. ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡ ♡

Mr. Edmund H. New, whose panoramic drawing of *Westminster* we reproduced in a recent number as one of the illustrations to an article on the Society of Graphic Art, desires us to state that the original drawing belongs to Mr. H. Donald Hope, who also owns the copyright. ♡ ♡ ♡

STUDIO-TALK.

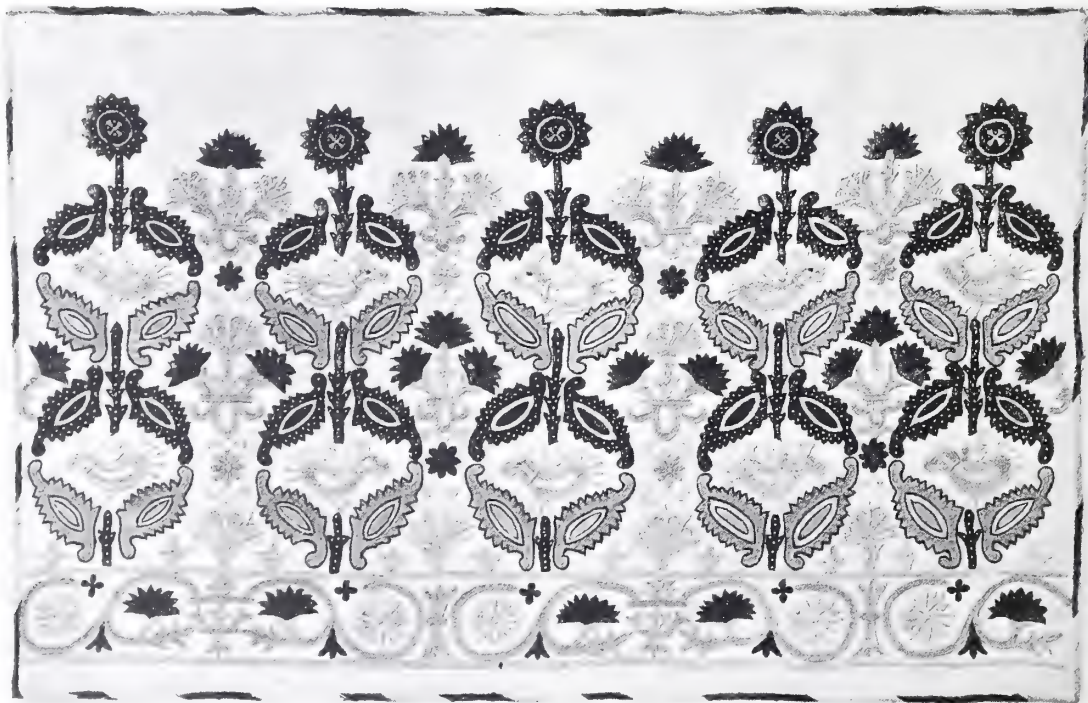
(From our own Correspondents).

LONDON. — An example of Miss Rayner's beautiful needlework which we reproduced as one of our colour supplements about a year ago, elicited much admiration on both sides of the Atlantic, and the further example we now give in the colour reproduction opposite will, we believe, be equally welcome to all connoisseurs of good stitchery. This panel, *The Edge of the World*, like the *Vase of Marigolds*, displays those qualities of design and skilled craftsmanship which give distinction to Miss Rayner's creations.

Lovers of embroidery will also be interested in the two illustrations here given of Greek embroidery executed under the auspices of the "Proödos" Society of Athens. The object of this Society is to revive the ancient art of embroidery as practised in the Greek islands, follow-

ing the traditional designs dating back to Byzantine times. The finest collection of this ancient Greek embroidery is in the South Kensington Museum, and many designs from this collection have been adopted as a basis for the revival of the industry. The first illustration shows a characteristic design of this type; the second represents a copy in embroidery of the design of an ancient Greek vase, and is interesting as a first attempt in this direction. Further information as to the "Proödos" Society and its work will be gladly given to anyone interested by Miss Cosadinos, 35, Lancaster Road, London, N.W. 3. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

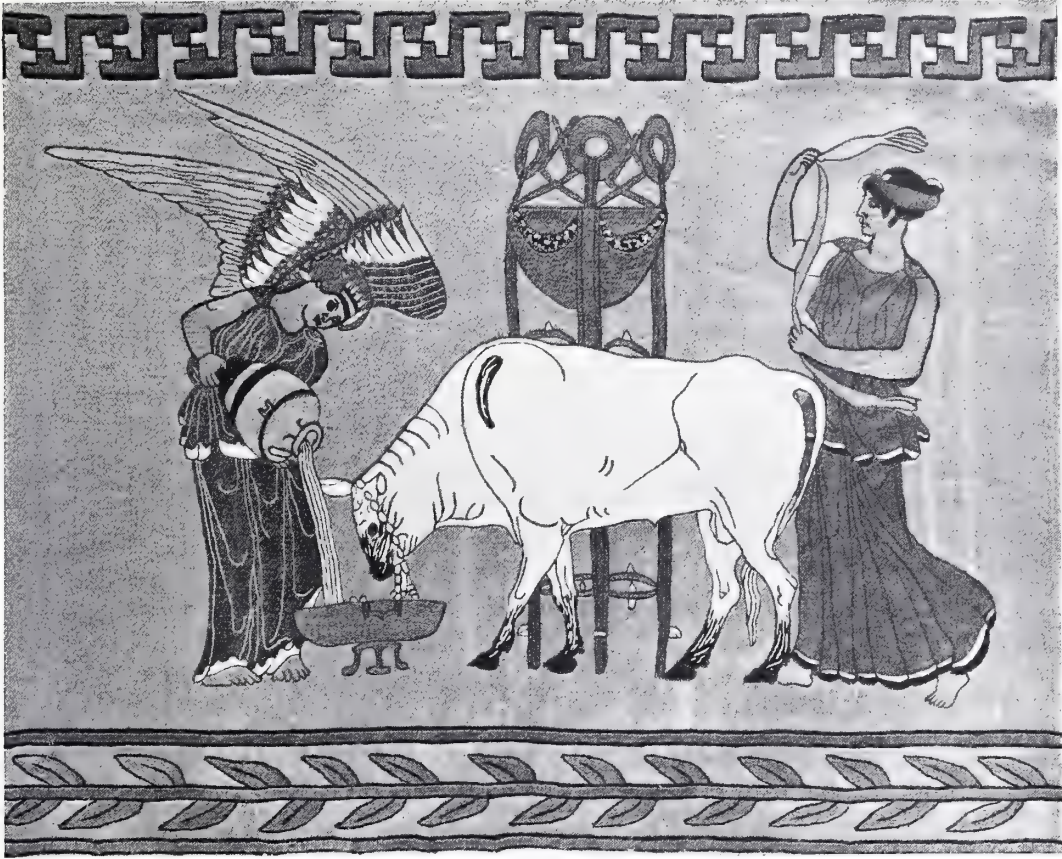
The Royal Society of Painter-Engravers and Engravers, which, under its charter, exists, *inter alia*, "for the promotion of engraving in all its forms," has recently formed a Print Collectors' Club, with the view of bringing people who are interested in etching and engraving into closer



CUSHION CENTRE IN GREEK
EMBROIDERY EXECUTED FOR THE
PROÖDOS SOCIETY OF ATHENS
(The property of Mrs. Psimenos)



"THE EDGE OF THE WORLD."
NEEDLEWORK PANEL BY
E. RUTH RAYNER.



COPY IN EMBROIDERY OF AN
ANCIENT GREEK VASE. EXECUTED FOR
THE PROÖDOS SOCIETY OF ATHENS
(The property of Mrs. Psimenos)

touch with those who practise the art, and of promoting general knowledge of all forms of engraving. The Club will hold a certain number of meetings at which lectures or demonstrations will be given on subjects connected with the art of engraving and etching. A Reference Committee has been set up, to which members can apply, without incurring expense, for authoritative advice and information about prints. Mr. Campbell Dodgson, C.B.E., Keeper in the Department of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum, and Mr. Martin Hardie, R.E., Keeper in the corresponding department at the Victoria and Albert Museum, have consented to serve on this Committee. Another feature of the Club will be an annual issue to members of

presentation prints, limited in edition and reserved entirely for such issue; to inaugurate this, Sir Frank Short, R.A., the President of the Society, and Mr. W. P. Robins, R.E., have promised to present the first plates. Among other privileges members may introduce a friend personally at any *conversazione* held by the Club, and will have free admission to all exhibitions and social meetings of the Society. The entrance fee (except for the first 200 original members) is £1 1s., and the annual subscription is £3 3s. Membership has already been taken up with keen interest, and there are only a comparatively small number of vacancies for original members. Applicants for membership should apply for details as to election to the Secretary, Royal Society

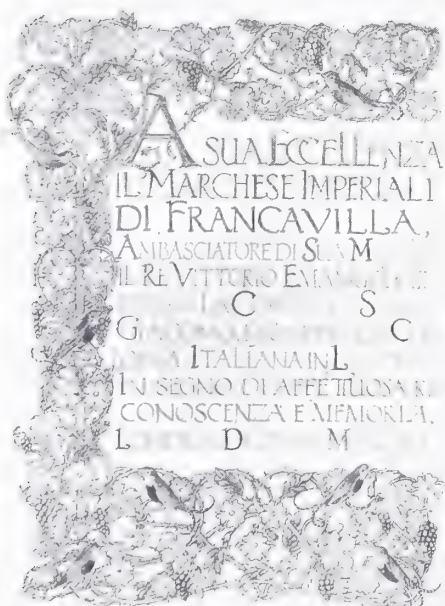
STUDIO-TALK

of Painter-Etchers and Engravers, 5A, Pall Mall East, London, S.W. 1. ▯ ▯

The Society's thirty-ninth exhibition, which has just terminated, contained no contribution from the President, Sir Frank Short, and several other prominent supporters were likewise absentees on this occasion or but sparsely represented, but on the whole the display, if not exceptionally interesting, marked a fairly good level of achievement. Among some of the later recruits to the Society's ranks are two or three artists—such as Mr. Edmund Blampied and Mr. G. L. Brockhurst—who excel in figure subjects, and their contributions undoubtedly helped to make the recent exhibition more agreeably varied than it would have been without them, and Miss Molly Campbell's studies of everyday life—such as the *Jumble Sale*—also tended in the same direction. Contemporary portraiture is rarely seen at these shows, because among the many etchers of to-day so very few



PILKINGTON'S LANCASTRIAN LUSTRE POTTERY. DESIGNED AND PAINTED BY GORDON M. FORSYTH



ILLUMINATED ADDRESS FROM THE ITALIAN COLONY IN LONDON TO HIS EXC. THE MARCHESE IMPERIALE. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY M. BAVERLEY AND BEATRICE HOLMES

ever essay any experiments in this field, but the recent display contained a notably successful effort by Mr. Lumsden in his dry-point *The Connoisseur*, a portrait study of one who is well known to readers of this magazine as a writer on the graphic arts. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

We reproduce on this page an illuminated address presented to His Excellency the Marchese Imperiali by the Italian Colony in London on his retirement from the Italian Embassy in December. The vine with its cluster of grapes and the birds perched on the branches form a pleasing and appropriate decoration. This is the work of Miss M. Bowerley, while the lettering was done by Miss Holmes. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

We also illustrate here a recent example of Lancastrian lustre ware designed by Mr. Gordon Forsyth, and on the opposite page is shown an altar cross presented to Bradford Cathedral by Miss Florence Milnes who herself designed and executed it. Miss Milnes is a student of the City of Bradford School of Art. ▯ ▯ ▯

The eleventh exhibition of the Senefelder Club, which exists for the advancement of artistic lithography, was held at the

Leicester Galleries last month and contained, like previous exhibitions, a number of prints by deceased artists of note, British and foreign, in addition to a goodly display of work by members of the Club and other practitioners of the art in this country and abroad. Prints by Whistler, Conder, Fantin-Latour, Rodin, Degas and Millet were the principal features in the retrospective group, while among living exponents of lithography represented on this occasion, Mr. Brangwyn, the President of the Club, who sent three characteristically vigorous essays, was well supported by the leading members, such as Mr. Augustus John, Professor Rothenstein, Mr. Spencer-Pryse, Mr. and Mrs. John Copley, Mr. Ernest Jackson and others, and Mr. J. Pennell and Mons. Forain, both honorary members. A fine study of a man by Mr. J. S. Sargent, R.A., was among the interesting things by outsiders, which also included some spirited work by Mr. Blampied, two or three prints by Mr. Saltoft, the Danish artist, one of them being a portrait of the Russian revolutionary leader Trotsky, and a few colour prints which, in giving variety to the exhibition, once more demonstrated, in conjunction with other deviations from black and white, that lithography as a medium is capable of a wide range of interesting effects. ▯

In an adjoining room at the Leicester Galleries were shown the originals of a large number of humorous drawings by Mr. H. M. Bateman which have enlivened the pages of many periodicals. Mr. Bateman's drawings do really contain humour in themselves—that is to say, their power to provoke mirth does not depend wholly or mainly on what is written under them, as is the case with so many drawings that are commonly accepted as humorous. ▯

An exhibition of drawings and cartoons (with a few etchings) by the late Mr. F. H. Townsend, at the Fine Art Society's galleries last month accentuated the loss which British graphic art has suffered through his untimely death. The drawings represented work done for "Punch" during his Art Editorship of that journal from 1905 till the very eve of his death, and the reproductions of them in its pages have made them familiar to myriads of people

both at home and abroad, but while yielding no fresh revelation they served to emphasize once more the fine qualities which invariably distinguished his draughtsmanship and insured for him a high position among the black and white artists of this generation. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

Mr. George Carline, R.B.A., who died suddenly at Assisi, Italy, in December, was, though a regular contributor to his society's



SILVER AND JEWELLED ALTAR CROSS. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY MISS FLORENCE MILNES AND PRESENTED BY HER TO BRADFORD CATHEDRAL

STUDIO-TALK

exhibitions in Suffolk Street from 1904 onwards, better known personally in Oxford where he resided for over 20 years until he settled in Hampstead four or five years ago. In the university city he was an energetic supporter of the Art Society, and besides painting portraits of some of the notable residents, he illustrated Andrew Lang's book on Oxford. He leaves two sons who follow his profession with success.

Mr. Robert Gibbings whose woodcut *Clear Waters* we reproduce opposite is a member and honorary secretary of the newly formed Society of Wood Engravers, whose inaugural exhibition at the Chenil Gallery we referred to in a recent issue. His own work has already been discussed in these pages and in our Special Number on "Modern Woodcuts and Lithographs." His quite recent work as shown at the exhibition just mentioned reveals a partiality for designs of a more or less geometrical character and some very telling effects are thus achieved. In *Clear Waters* simplification could hardly be carried further, and it is indeed a striking example of what can be accomplished with a few passages of black intelligently disposed. ■ ■ ■

Miss Molly Power's work was also referred to in the Special Number just mentioned, but it was not possible to include any specimens among the illustrations. The three prints now reproduced make good this omission and show that she appreciates the pictorial possibilities and limitations of her medium. ■ ■ ■

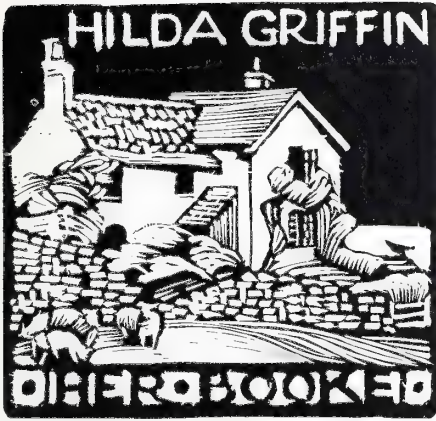
Amongst the names of prize winners at the St. John's Wood Art Schools, as noted in our last issue, was that of Mr. Aina Onabolu, of Lagos, who is said to be the first native of West Africa to receive an art training in Europe. He has been studying portraiture more especially, and on returning home proposes, we are told, to instruct his fellow countrymen in European methods of painting pictures, about which native art is ignorant. It will be interesting to see what success will attend the innovation. The chief form of art practised by the natives is woodcarving in high and low relief, and colour is usually applied to the figures. They also excel in metal and leather work, and display a good deal of taste in ornamentation. A specimen of their leather work is illustrated on page 118 in the shape of a cigarette canister which a



"STAPLE INN." WOOD-
CUT BY M. POWER



"CLEAR WATERS" WOOD-
CUT BY ROBERT GIBBINGS



BOOKPLATE
BY M. POWER

native has covered with thin leather of a crimson colour and decorated with flat interlaced strips of another colour. Work such as this prompts the question whether after all it would not be better to foster and develop the handicrafts for which they show a marked aptitude rather than endeavour to transplant and acclimatise a type of art which is utterly alien to native traditions. Native races throughout the world have most of them an art of their own which is organically related to their mode of life, but unfortunately contact with so-called "advanced" civilization is year by year making this art a mere relic of the past. ■ ■ ■ ■

BELFAST.—Two very fine examples of Irish lace are reproduced on page 119, both of them being from the collection of Messrs. Robinson & Cleaver of this city, and it may be of interest to enumerate briefly the chief facts in connection with the industry and the various kinds that are made. The term "Irish lace" is somewhat of a misnomer, inasmuch as there never was anything of the kind native to the country, all Irish laces being copies of continental originals introduced into Ireland at a comparatively recent date. Nevertheless, the peasant women have shown such an aptitude for this class of work that Ireland now ranks with France, Belgium and England as one of the principal lace producing countries of Europe, and, as far as Irish crochet, known in

France as Point d'Irlande, is concerned, has practically a monopoly of this branch of the trade. Ireland has always remained faithful to the handmade article which has ever been a woman's trade, and was, indeed, first known as "nun's work," convents being the usual centres of the industry, as is still the case in Ireland. ■

The industry seems to have owed its origin and success always to individual effort, and this was especially the case in the black famine years of 1846-48, when lace-making took a real hold in Ireland. Nowhere perhaps was the distress of the peasantry more deeply realised than in the Presentation Convent at Youghal, where the Reverend Mother, Mary Magdalen Gould, had already exhausted all her re-



"ROYAL OAK PASSAGE, WINCHESTER." WOODCUT BY
M. POWER



LEATHER COVERED CIGARETTE
CANISTER FROM WEST AFRICA
(Lent by Mrs. Onabolu, St. John's
Wood Art School—see p. 114)

sources in the endeavour to relieve their wants. It was then that Mother M. A. Smith, chancing to discover a small piece of old Italian lace in the Convent treasure-chest, was inspired with the idea that here lay the means of helping those who were incapable of helping themselves. Taking the old lace carefully to pieces, she examined all the stitches till she succeeded in mastering their details, devised a method by which they might be reproduced, and then teaching the new art to a few of her cleverest pupils, she soon had a number of expert lace-makers under her instruction. From copying, the workers before long progressed to originating stitches and designs, and now Irish Point is justly celebrated for its beauty and artistic merit. ▢

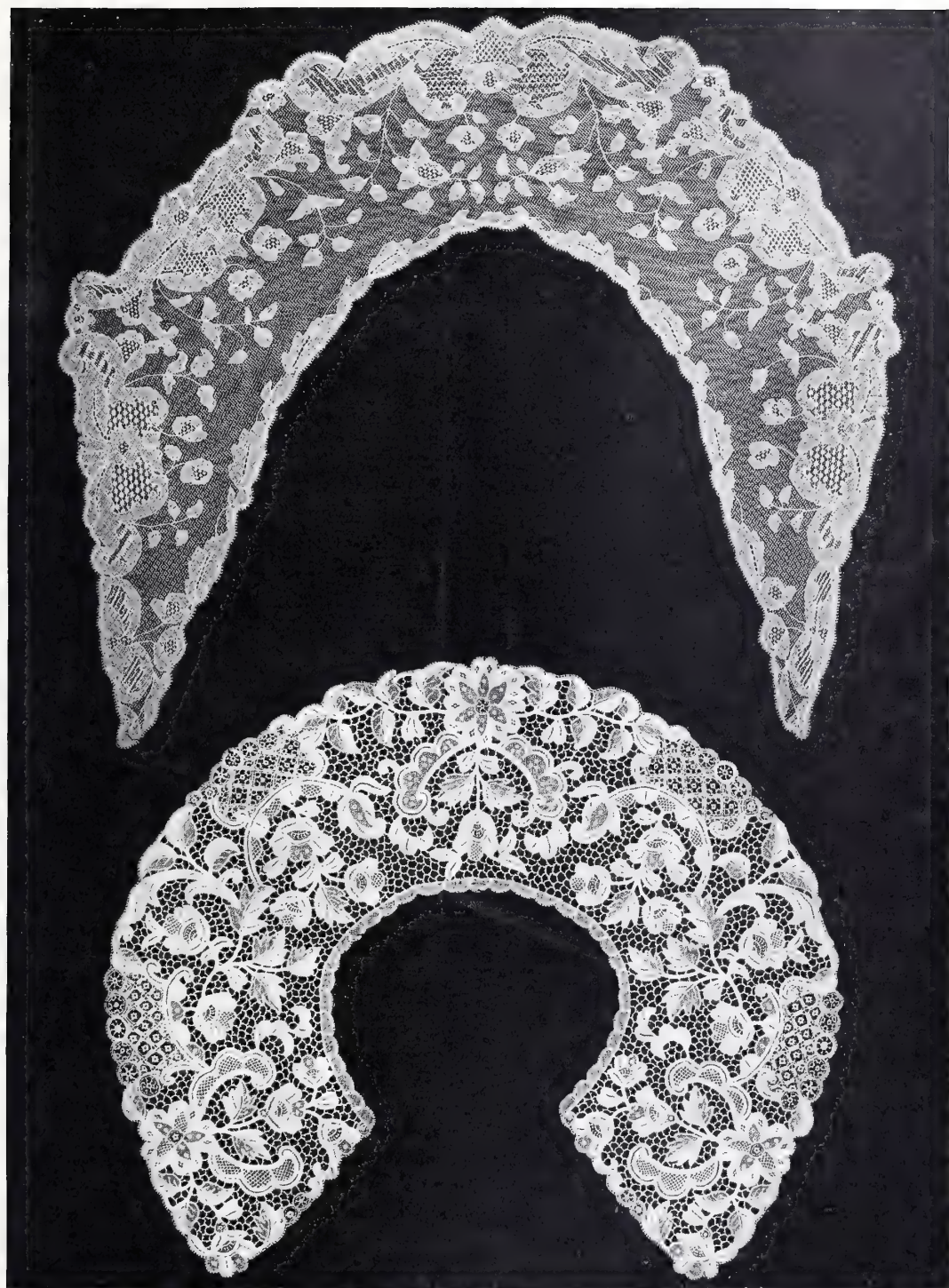
It is characteristic of the lace that it is entirely worked with the needle and is therefore sometimes called "Needlepoint," and in making it the utmost care is shown. This lace has the great merit of being very durable as well as exquisite in texture and design. The chief centres of the

industry are at Youghal, New Ross, Kenmare, Killarney, Kinsale and Waterford. The work of the Convent School at Youghal, where it was first made, is, indeed, so favourably known that when the ladies of the City of Belfast decided, at the time of the Coronation, to offer to Queen Mary the gift of a Court Train of Irish Needlepoint, Messrs. Robinson & Cleaver, who were entrusted with the carrying out of the order, gave the work into the hands of the Sisters, and in the record time of six months the almost impossible task was completed, 60 highly skilled workers being continuously occupied in the production of this most beautiful and costly example of the lace-makers' art. ▢ ▢ ▢

Limerick lace, originated by Charles Walker, an Englishman, in 1829, formerly ranked next to Irish point in popularity, though that is no longer the case, Carrickmacross having at the present time the greater vogue. Limerick lace is more strictly an embroidery than a lace if one uses the term lace in any very restricted sense. Carrickmacross has been produced in Co. Monaghan since about 1820, when Mrs. Grey Porter, wife of the then rector of Dunnamoyne, taught her maid Ann Steadman to copy a specimen of appliqué lace brought from Italy. ▢ ▢ ▢

Rose Point, or Inishmacsaint, is another lace copied from an old Italian model, in this case Venice Rose Point being the original employed, and it also owes its introduction into Ireland to the great Famine. In 1855 the centre of the industry was removed from Co. Armagh to the shores of Lough Erne, and it is from its picturesque second home, Inishmacsaint in Co. Fermanagh, that the lace takes its Irish name.

Irish crochet is perhaps the most distinctively Irish product in the line of lace. It was originally an imitation of Spanish and Venetian guipure, but has far outdistanced its originals in point of beauty, grace and ingenuity of design, all of which it owes to the skill and artistic sense of the Irish worker. Most of this lace comes from Co. Monaghan, while the Carmelite Convent, New Ross, is also noted for its manufacture; but, indeed, there is scarcely a cottage in the country where at least one member of the family is not engaged in plying a crochet hook. ▢ ▢ ▢



LIMERICK LACE (TOP)
IRISH POINT (BOTTOM)
(The property of Robinson & Cleaver,
Ltd., Belfast)



"ROSETA." MARBLE HEAD
BY IGNACIO PINAZO

Tatting, made with a small shuttle by means of which loops and knots are produced, is also made in Ireland, but it is mainly confined to the district about Ardee, Co. Louth. It is one of the cheapest forms of lace made in Ireland. ♦ ♦ ♦

The value of this lace-making industry to the community cannot be overestimated. Many a mother or delicate daughter is able to add to her income without having to abandon the shelter of her own fireside, that familiar hearth so dear to every Irish heart. It also introduces an element of

refinement and culture into places where little of that sort of thing is known, and where opportunities to learn anything about art are rare. The importance of lace-making, therefore, is not merely commercial, but educational in the highest sense.

MADRID.—A Valencian by birth and sentiment, like his brother the well-known painter, Don José Pinazo, the sculptor D. Ignacio Pinazo, who discharged the arduous duties of Secretary to the Exhibition of Spanish Paintings at Burling-



"VALENCIA." MARBLE GROUP
BY IGNACIO PINAZO

ton House, has his home in Valencia, but his studio in Madrid. It has been remarked of him that, Valencian as he is by birth and blood, he seeks to express in the elegant forms of his marbles, the things of his own land, "las cosas de su tierra"—the scenes and people of the Valencian "huerta" (those wonderful orchards which are famous through Spain), their quarrels, their torments, their sorrows, their loves. No one before him had done what this artist proposed to himself to do, and is now occupied in doing—to be the Blasco Ibanez of sculpture, to give life, genius, the wonderful breath of art to that corner of

Spain where the orange-trees flower beside the rice fields, and whose shores are kissed by the blue waters of the Mediterranean. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

We trace, in fact, this breath of his own sunny southern province of old Spain in the artist's creations in sculpture—directly and deliberately, of course, in his *Valencia*, the group we reproduce here, in which, as in so many of his brother's paintings, the beautiful woman typifies Valencia herself—but not less so, though not so directly, in his ideal busts; in his *Paganía* with her elaborate and richly detailed coiffure, exhibited recently at Burlington House, and in the charming portrait

STUDIO-TALK

bust in the same exhibition of *Roseta*—a young girl of Valencia. ♦ ♦ ♦

The tradition of the fine arts seems to be in the Pinazo family. The sculptor himself won the travelling studentship in Rome and Paris from the Academy of Arts in Valencia. He gained the silver medal in the National Exhibition of Madrid and the International Exhibition of Saragossa, as well as the grand diploma of honour in the Franco-Spanish Exhibition at Saragossa, and has received from the Government of France the decoration of the Legion of Honour.

S. B.

MELBOURNE.—A description of the National Gallery, Melbourne, and the Felton Bequest, which is the principal source of its income, has appeared in *THE*

STUDIO, and it may be a fitting corollary to give a short account of the Director, who has charge of this important collection.

Mr. L. Bernard Hall, who has held the post of Director for thirty years, received his scholastic education at Cheltenham College. In 1874 he entered the Art Schools at South Kensington, then under the direction of Sir Edward J. Poynter, P.R.A., where he worked for four years. Subsequently he studied at Antwerp under Verlat, and was for some time at Munich. Lenbach was there then, and Mr. Hall occasionally saw him with Wagner and his frau at the Opera. He was present at the Artists' Costume Fête, in 1880, when a fire broke out and ten students lost their lives. Returning to London in 1882 he started life professionally and executed drawings for the *Graphic*, *Black*



"BUSH TENT." BY
L. BERNARD HALL



"INTERIOR." BY
L. BERNARD HALL

and *White* and other illustrated newspapers. He was an original member of the New English Art Club, and was a constant contributor to its exhibitions; he also exhibited paintings, chiefly portraits, at the Royal Academy until 1892, when he left England to take up the post of Director of the National Gallery, Melbourne, to which he had been appointed in the previous December. In 1905 Mr. Hall returned to Europe and made a short stay of four months, during which he visited the chief art centres in

England and on the Continent in search of paintings and sculpture for his Gallery. His chief acquisitions were the noted *Bent Tree, Morning* by Corot; *Okehampton Castle*, a water-colour by Turner; paintings by Madox Brown, Holman Hunt, George Clausen, Meissonier, Camille Pissaro and Isabey; and sculpture by Alfred Gilbert, Rodin and Barye. He also arranged with Fremiet for a replica of his *Jeanne d'Arc*, in the Place des Pyramides, Paris; and the replica now stands on the front terrace of the Gallery,

STUDIO-TALK

as a pendant to *St. George and the Dragon* by Sir Edgar Boehm, R.A., the two being emblematic of male and female chivalry.

The Director has also under his charge the Art Museum, contained in two large galleries, one of which is filled with the Cornell Collection, a fine gift of English and French eighteenth-century furniture, arms, silver, Sheffield plate, glass, drawings and engravings. In addition he

superintends the Art Schools; they are held both during the day and evening, and are attended on an average by one hundred students—men and women. The work is devoted entirely to figure drawing and painting, and he personally conducts the painting class. In spite of his multifarious duties, Mr. Hall pursues his painting on Saturdays and during his holidays. Most of his portraits, usually life-size, are executed at one sitting,—he styles them his “Saturday furies,” his method being “hit or miss.” His other paintings such as *Sleep*, for which he was awarded a silver medal at the Panama Exhibition, suffer, he says, from being executed a day at a time. ▀ ▀

In 1910 a one man's show of Mr. Hall's work was held at the Athenæum, Melbourne, at which seventy of his paintings were exhibited; they comprised portraits, views of interiors, still-life and landscape, and demonstrated his versatility as a painter. His picture *The Model* hangs in the Sydney Art Gallery, and *After Dinner*, a still-life group, has been acquired by the Adelaide Gallery. ▀ ▀

Besides executing excellent portraits Mr. Hall excels in painting studies from the nude. In speaking of a recent exhibition of his works held at Sydney, it was said “he is undoubtedly our finest draughtsman of the figure; and his art, founded on the probity of drawing, is individual in feeling, in colour and in decorative value.” In the latest issue of *Art in Australia*, published at Sydney, it is stated: “In the employment of pure colour Hall is some years ahead of a movement which is agitating European studios of to-day. His art is intellectual rather than emotional, and he stands alone in Australia in his ability to handle paint with distinction and beauty of surface.” It is evident that Mr. Hall's work is greatly appreciated “down under,” and it deserves to be better known in the Old Country. ▀

The many valuable additions which have been made to the Melbourne National Gallery on Mr. Hall's personal recommendation, not only indicate his knowledge of what is really of first-rate importance, but also show his catholicity of taste, the most essential attribute of a Director of an Art Gallery. ▀ H. M. C.



“THE PICTURE IN
THE MIRROR.” BY
L. BERNARD HALL



"BATH CHARACTERS." SILHOUETTES BY AUGUST EDOUART
(From Mrs. Nevill Jackson's "Ancestors in Silhouette," John Lane)

REVIEWS.

Ancestors in Silhouette cut by August Edouart. Illustrative notes and biographical sketches by Mrs. F. NEVILL JACKSON. (London: John Lane.) A truly amazing record of activity is here unfolded in Mrs. Nevill Jackson's account of the career of August Edouart, who in the course of about twenty years is estimated to have cut no fewer than a hundred thousand "shadow" pictures, mostly portraits of people in England, Scotland, Ireland, and America. After serving under Napoleon and losing all his property he sought refuge in England, where, failing to earn a sub-

sistence by teaching French, he occupied himself in making hair pictures, then much in vogue, and he had turned forty when, through a chance incident, he adopted the scissors as the means of procuring a livelihood. Among his multitudes of sitters were many prominent personages of the day, and the list of those he delineated in America during a visit in 1839-1844 includes five Presidents of the United States and other leading statesmen. Very methodical in his habits, he kept a systematic record of all his work until his return from America, when, unfortunately, a large number of the registers he had compiled with so much care were lost by the wreck,

REVIEWS

off Guernsey, of the ship which brought him home. The salvaged remainder, lost sight of until 1911, has, however, furnished material for what may prove to be a very valuable source of information to thousands whose ancestors figure in the long lists reprinted in this volume. That his portraits were on the whole accepted as satisfactory likenesses in outline may be concluded from their great popularity, and it is indeed astonishing how much "character" he managed to express by this form of delineation. Of course everything done with the scissors is necessarily very precise. Thus one notes, among the many reproductions which illustrate this record, how very "spick and span" are the garments of the American men of affairs—no hint of any bagginess at the knees here, and the cut is clean enough to elicit the approval of professors of the sartorial art, which painters' portraits rarely do. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Barbizon House, 1920. This illustrated record contains with a few pages of introduction written by Mr. Croal Thomson, a selection from the chief works of art which passed through the gallery over which he presides at 8 Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, during the past year. One of the two-colour reproductions is a particularly fine example of Mr. Brangwyn's water-colour work, *The Rialto, Venice*, while among the many photogravure reproductions various painters of eminence, living and deceased, are represented, such as Turner, Gainsborough, Raeburn, Hoppner, Whistler, Sargent, Clausen, and D. Y. Cameron of the Anglo-Saxon School; Daumier, Fantin, Diaz, Daubigny, Millet, and Corot among the French Masters; and Israels, James and Matthew Maris, and Bosboom of the Modern Dutch Painters. The Spanish School is represented by a fine Goya (*Portrait of a Bullfighter*), and there are two delightful pictures by the Italian masters, Da Sesto and Del Garbo, who both died in 1524. Two bronzes of Bastien-Lepage and Rodin give additional interest to this fine record. ♦ ♦ ♦

Antiques Genuine and Spurious. By FREDERICK LITCHFIELD. (London: G. Bell & Sons, Ltd.). Mr. Litchfield's high reputation as an expert will ensure for this new book from his pen a welcome among collectors who are already indebted to

him for the valuable guidance he has published in his book on "Pottery and Porcelain," first issued over 40 years ago and two books on furniture. Intended for the amateur this new volume contains much useful information concerning both these subjects, and the chapters on furniture are supplemented by one on Lacquer, about which there is little published information. In addition there are special sections dealing with enamels and bronzes, and appended to the latter is a list of Bronze Artists from the early Renaissance to the reign of Louis XVI. The author also communicates some interesting personal reminiscences from his 50 years' experience as an art expert and recollections of some notable legal cases in which he has been concerned. Besides a large number of half-tone illustrations there is a colour frontispiece showing two fine specimens of Battersea enamel.

A Book of Dovecotes. By ARTHUR O. COOKE. (London: T. N. Foulis.) A description of many of the most interesting dovecotes now extant in various parts of Great Britain forms the principal subject matter of this little volume, and illustrations are given of some of the more noteworthy examples. It is claimed for the book that it is the first to be published on the subject in this country, and, as all that has been written about it hitherto—and that not a great deal—has appeared in periodicals, Mr. Cooke's work has certainly the advantage of novelty which so few books can boast of nowadays. The topic is one of no small interest historically, for prior to the eighteenth century the dovecote formed a very important adjunct to the country house. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Messrs. George Bell & Sons' recent publications include a new edition of Mr. R. C. WITT's little book, *How to look at Pictures*, which, first published in 1902, has several times been reprinted, and is now re-issued with a new chapter, "How to Show Pictures." Intended for those who, without having any special knowledge of pictures and painting, are interested in them, and written in a clear style free from technicalities, it deserves to be still more widely read as a means of stimulating the understanding and appreciation of pictures by artists of diverse schools. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

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(Continued from page 7)

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THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO recommends to its readers the prize offer (\$1,600 in prizes) for the best cover design, details of which will be found on page 11 of the advertising section. This contest closes on May 30th.

JAMES BLISS TOWNSEND +

(From New York American)

JAMES BLISS TOWNSEND, founder, editor and owner of the *American Art News*, died on March 10th, of heart disease at his home, No. 44 East 82nd Street.

Mr. Townsend was born in New York City, September 30, 1855, the son of Dwight and Emily Hodges Townsend. His father was a former Congressional Representative from New York City, and Mr. Townsend himself was an unsuccessful candidate for the same office in 1899, from the Thirteenth District, on the Republican ticket.

He was educated at St. Paul's School, N. H., and the Princeton University, from which he was graduated in 1878 with the degree of Master of Arts. In the following year Mr. Townsend took up newspaper work on the New York Tribune. During the same year he became one of the founders and editors of the Art Interchange. Later he became connected with the editorial staff of the *New York World*, and from 1882 to 1891 served as their art critic. He also served on the old *Recorder*, the *Times* and the *Herald*, usually as a writer on art. In 1904 he founded the *American Art News*, which is a weekly newspaper devoted to that subject.

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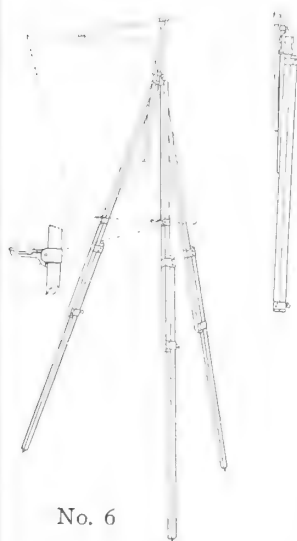
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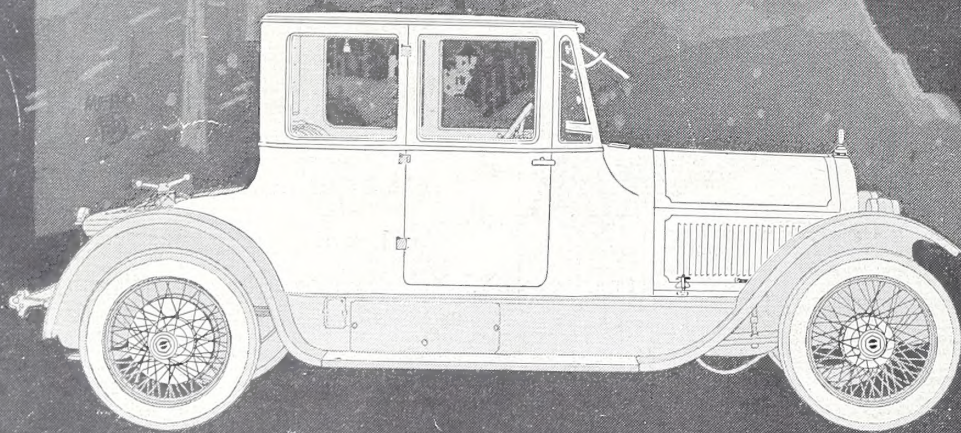
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